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The Week

THE Nobel Peace prizes for 1925 and 1926 have just been awarded. The first is shared by Briand and Stresemann, the second by Chamberlain and Dawes. It is a somewhat ironic footnote to history that when the announcement was made, three of the four recipients—all but the American—were at Geneva, engaged in a bitter dispute over the question of control of German military activities. Whether because of the calming effect of the Nobel awards, or because grim necessity knocked at the door, the impending crisis which seemed once again to threaten Locarno and all its fruits was averted, not by the League, but by the foreign ministers of the states concerned. Interallied control of German armament is to end on Jan. 31, 1927, and to be succeeded by League control. Germany will for the present stop building the fortifications at Könisgberg which Poland considers a menace to herself, and the conference of ambassadors will seek to arrive at an amicable solution of the question. It will also struggle with the matter of Germany's manufacture of munitions of war, which she is exporting in half-finished condition to Sweden and Russia, where the final touches are put on them. Large quantities of these munitions have found their way to the Cantonese armies in China, it is reported. If these matters and others such as the conditions of recruiting in Germany and the control of the Reichswehr have not been settled by January 31, they will be referred to the Council of the League. This represents a victory for France, since Germany wanted to refer the disputed points to the World Court. However, the solution is in general a compromise in which no country has triumphed. It is an important step forward on a long hard road toward liquidating the injustices of the treaties of 1919 and restoring in Europe an equilibrium based on voluntary agreement and not on the compulsion of the bayonet.

NICARAGUA is again in the headlines. On the heels of our recognition of Adolfo Diaz, Mexico has recognized the "government" which the Liberals have set up at Puerto Cabezas under Dr. J. B. Sacasa. Mexico's move is interpreted in the United States as a deliberate affront to our State Department, but that is not necessarily the only or the most important reason for it. Diaz was made President with the guns of American Marines behind him, as was the case in 1911. He is hand in glove with General Chamorro who overthrew the administration of President Solorzano by armed force a little more than a year ago. Sacasa was Vice-President under Solorzano and certainly has as much right to claim the constitutional succession as Diaz, if not more. We do not know whether Mexico is aiding Sacasa or not; but if so, her action is certainly no worse than our own in aiding Diaz. Mexico is seeking to maintain the cultural as well as political leadership of the Central American countries to which she is bound by ties of language, race and common interest. The United States is seeking to safeguard the Panama Canal and to protect investment in and loans to Nicaragua by our bankers. If Mexico's policy is "Bolshevism," as President Diaz now shouts that it is (reëchoing the hypothesis of the American Assistant Secretary of State, Col.

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R. E. Olds) what term can be used to describe the American policy?

AMERICA'S foreign policy came in for critical examination at two conferences held in Washington last week. One was summoned by the People's Reconstruction League, representing farmer and labor groups; and the other was a Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, attended by delegates from nine great national organizations of women. Both conferences heard the attitude of the United States toward other nations in various parts of the world discussed by experts, some of whom were unsparing in their denunciation of the aims and methods of our State Department. Two years ago, at a similar conference on war, the same organizations of women discussed the causes of conflict and paths to peace in general; this time they stayed closer home and considered the sins of omission and commission by Uncle Sam. As a result of their cogitations they drew up a series of resolutions urging adherence to the World Court or some similar machinery for arbitration of disputes; cancelation of war debts and partial cancelation of postwar loans for relief; ratification of the poison gas treaty; and the most earnest efforts to adjust all difficulties with Mexico on a fair basis. Revision of the unequal treaties with China was asked, an American commission to discuss the time and method of independence with a similar Filipino commission recommended, and the hope expressed that any difficulties arising between ourselves and Japan will be settled with "justice and courtesy." Probably these resolutions will have little immediate effect upon the policies of our government; yet such conferences do in the long run play a potent part in moving public opinion toward fairness and good will.

THE new Italo-Albanian treaty is an excellent example of the foreign policy of Mussolini, which is described in an article by "Peter Brooklyn," elsewhere in this issue. In fact, it seems in all important particulars to fit the description given by our correspondent of the Albanian compact sought a few months ago by Mussolini and blocked by Great Britain—this having been before the Roman dictator and Sir Austen Chamberlain had their famous amicable and secret conversation. Jugoslavia, at any rate, has interpreted the new pact as being a direct threat to herself. Foreign Minister Ninchich has resigned in protest and the whole cabinet has followed him; and the incident is said to have helped hasten the death of Premier Nikola Pashich, the aged "fox of the Balkans." The danger of war is increased greatly; and no more striking example could be asked of the incessant menace which the policy of Il Duce affords.

REPUBLICAN members of the House Ways and Means Committee, under the able leadership of Chairman William R. Green, have had backbone enough to stand up against the demand of the Democrats and the corporations for tax reduction, where President Coolidge, seconded by Secretary Mellon, offered to compromise with it. By so doing they have enabled the application of a surplus which will probably run from $400,000,000 to $500,000,000 to the repayment of the war debt, and have thus conferred a lasting benefit on payers of indirect as well as of direct taxes which could not have been achieved either by rebate or revision of the schedules. This may be, as charged by the Democrats, a political stratagem to postpone tax reduction until just before the campaign of 1928. But it is not necessarily that, and if in 1928 the committee reverses its present policy we shall be ready to oppose its action as heartily as we now favor it. Reduction of the debt while we have the resources to do so comes first; if there is still money to spare in the Treasury it can be used for projects much more fruitful of general welfare than reducing taxes. It will be well if in the future political issues can concern more positive policies than economy in the penurious Coolidge sense of the word.

IS A MAN unfit to be a member of the United States Senate because fifteen years ago in another country he gave a high official of the government a $100,000 bribe? That is the interesting question which a Senate Committee is now seeking to solve. Arthur R. Gould was elected in Maine the other day to succeed Senator Fernald. Now it develops that in 1911 Gould gave $100,000 to J. K. Flemming, Premier of New Brunswick, in the effort to "facilitate" the building of a railroad in which he was interested, the St. John and Quebec. Gould has claimed that the money was paid by his partners without his knowledge or consent; but this story is contradicted by the official records of the New Brunswick Legislative Assembly. These show that after examining the facts carefully, Chief Justice H. A. McKeown of the Kings Bench Division of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick made an official report in which he declared that Gould himself was guilty of bribing Flemming. Moreover, Gould was put on the witness stand and reluctantly admitted that he had paid the $100,000 and that he knew at least $75,000 of it went into the Premier's pocket. If an action of this kind, officially admitted and recorded, does not prove a man unfit to serve in the United States Senate, it is hard to imagine what would be necessary to debar him.

RATIFICATION by 6,000 Passaic textile workers of the agreement between Thomas McMahon, President of the United Textile Workers, and the management of the Botany mills, marks the beginning of the end of the long and costly battle for status on the part of the workers. The victory is not sweeping, but it comprises the essential without which nothing else would be worth while—recog-

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nition of the right to organize and bargain collectively. The economic and social wastes that would have been prevented if this recognition had come years ago are incalculable. They include not merely the ten-months' strike which is just ending but many previous strikes, the demoralizing and costly industrial espionage which has been relied on by the employers as a means of preventing organization, and the deplorable condition of the workers themselves, who have for so long been deprived of the voice to state their grievances or the collective agency to help remedy them and assist the beneficent operation of industry.

AT a recent Ku Klux meeting in New Orleans, the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton of New York was the principal speaker. He said he had examined the purposes and principles of the Klan and gave them his approval. The purpose of the meeting was to inaugurate a campaign against the teaching of evolution. A resolution was passed to drive from the schools every textbook and every teacher expounding that theory. It seems to us that Doctor Straton has at last found his fore-ordained companions. As long as he remained a mere preacher he could perhaps derive some authority by association with a church nominally Christian. But now with mask and hood, using terroristic methods and promoting racial and religious hatred, he can to his heart's content attempt to enforce obscurantism without incurring the danger that he may in the mind of any intelligent person be associated with followers of the lowly Nazarene.

IT SEEMS unbelievable that in the supposedly more intelligent portion of a generally intelligent community like New York the cry Made in Moscow should be successful in discrediting every movement which has for its object the defence of individual freedom or the righting of the wrongs done by those in authority. Recently the New Republic presented the case of Dr. Abraham Lefkowitz and two other teachers who have been deprived of their promotional standing by the Board of Superintendents in New York, in consequence of expressing views described as radical, Superintendent Mandel going so far as to deny that teachers had in this respect the ordinary rights of citizen. A Citizens' Committee of 100 having been formed to meet this challenge to our institutions, Major Richard A. Charles, Executive Secretary of the American Defense Society, addressing the Government Club on the subject "Where the Red Begins," announced, as quoted in the New York Times, that one of the places where it began was this committee. In proof of this he adduced the fact that twenty-seven members of the Committee were members of the American Civil Liberties Union. There is nothing surprising in the fact that believers in freedom of opinion and the civil rights of all citizens, especially teachers, should be found in both the Citizens' Committee and the American Civil Liberties Union, which has as its sole object the assertion and maintenance of the constitutional safeguards of freedom in a democracy. It is surprising, we repeat, that an official of an American Defense Society should denounce them as "seeking to coerce and intimidate the members of the Board of Education into foregoing their oath of office," or that he should deny the principles of democracy by declaring: "It is time that we stopped the bootlegging of fictitious [sic] and wrong doctrines over this country."

THE peculiar animus of the association of the Citizens' Committee with the American Civil Liberties Union is that the latter is so constantly described by people who know better as a subversive organization working in the interests of revolution, and financed from Russia, that other people, who ought to know better, believe them. For example, in What's What, the Official Publication of the Industrial Defense Association of Boston, the statement is categorically made that "The American Civil Liberties Union is unquestionably the propagandist and legal agency in America for the Communist Party of Russia. It is known to receive and dispense immense sums of money for the undermining of the government of the United States." The Civil Liberties Union maintains headquarters at 100 Fifth Avenue, where inspection of its activities is welcome. The accounts of its very modest budget are public. Its work is simply and solely to defend the rights of citizens to freedom of expression as guaranteed by the Constitution. That such rights are frequently traversed by public officials is unhappily a fact. In this activity it has defended Communists and Industrial Workers, Birth Controllers and the Ku Klux Klan. In addition the Union seeks to mitigate the racial and political intolerance of certain groups in this country. It has intervened in behalf of the Negroes and of foreigners, of Roman Catholics and Jews. The legend of its association with the Communists is particularly absurd when it is remembered that a year or two ago when Communists sought to break up meetings held to permit Mr. Abramovitz to plead the cause of the Mensheviks in Russia, officers of the Union appeared on the same platform with Abramovitz to throw the influence of the organization in favor of a fair field of discussion for all.

THE death of Claude Monet, the impressionist, suggests two morals. He had been reviled so thoroughly at the period of his greatest creativeness and later on had been accepted so completely by the entire world that for twenty years past his career has been made the subject of the stock reproach to philistines. These gentry are therefore urged not to consider an artist mad, degenerate, or an impostor who holds up a new view of nature for our inspection. This moral is proffered with some misgiving since it is likely that most of those

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who called Monet mad preceded him to his grave, and each new generation loves, in its turn, to fight the new idea. At this very moment, for instance, the United States Customs House is trying to bar the sculptures of Brancusi on the plea that they are not art! . . . The other moral applies to artists and is cited with a degree more of confidence. To them the career ought to suggest the enlarging power of the crusading spirit. Monet was not actually the inventor that some have thought him, but he it was who put the theories of Helmholtz and Chevreul into paint, and the sense that he had a message, that all the rest of the world was seeing darkly, and that he alone could let light into the dusky academies, gave him an uplift that vastly increased his power as an artist. The science of his "broken color" is now a commonplace safely permissible to all painters who care to use it, but the symphonic transcripts from nature that Monet achieved through it are imperishable.

BY sustaining the right of the General Electric Company to fix the prices at which retailers, acting as its agents, and other manufacturers, acting as its patent licencees, may sell electric lights, the Supreme Court has opened wide a path of price fixing not only to patent holders but to other manufacturers as well. Previous decisions seemed to limit this right, as in the case of R. H. Macy and Company against the Book Publishers' Association, but it is now seen that the prohibition applies only when the vendors act as independent merchants, but not when they are put on an agency basis as far as the article in question is concerned. Therefore any manufacturer who wishes to fix the retail prices of his product has only to secure the financial resources to put out his goods on sale, and work out the proper agency contract. In the case of a patented article the monopoly is of course complete. Whether as a matter of fact this will lead to higher retail prices in the majority of cases, however, may be doubted. In electric lights, for instance, the product has been greatly cheapened in order to secure the widest possible sale.

PUBLICATION of the article Meet Yourself, by Katharine Briggs, which appears elsewhere in this issue, should not be interpreted as implying that the New Republic gives blanket endorsement to the psychological theory on which it is based. We print it both because it is characteristic of the point of view held by an important school of thought, and because the "paint box of personality" which it describes can be employed profitably and perhaps pleasurably by anyone, whether he accepts Mrs. Briggs's major premise or not.

THE Sesquicentennial Exposition [writes a correspondent] has closed its doors, a dismal failure and deservedly so. No visitor who came at any considerable expenditure of time or money could fail to feel that he had been cheated. The exhibits were few, and most of them mediocre. From the standpoint of beauty of buildings and grounds, the show was negligible. In its last months most of the exhibits and all of the amusements were closed on Sundays, as the result of a court order. This being the one day of the week when it was reasonable to expect the largest crowds, it is not surprising that the affair ended with a $5,000,000 deficit, and that the attendance was far smaller than anyone prophesied. One of the chief points of criticism has been the size of the exposition grounds, so vast that anyone who tried to cover the distances from building to building on foot found this a formidable undertaking. Ugly stories have been circulated in Philadelphia as to future private profit from the draining and clearing of this large district, which was formerly a swamp.

THE one most memorable thing about the Exposition, for visitors in recent weeks, has been a mechanical device which did not exist at any previous fair of this sort in the United States. By means of a huge loud-speaking mechanism, it is now possible to play a phonograph record in such a way as to be heard throughout an area of at least a square mile, and concerts have been given in this way in the Stadium which have spilled over and been heard by visitors wherever they might be in the grounds. The gigantic voice followed you wherever you went; in a building half a mile from the horn, you could have heard John McCormack softly singing Mother Machree, in a sort of giant whisper, wholly unearthly despite the accuracy and excellence of the reproduction. It seemed like a foretaste of some future civilization—and not a particularly pleasant one.

THE Carnegie Corporation has been making a study of adult education in the United States, the results of which are now in the process of being published in the form of several volumes. This study is valuable for several obvious reasons, not least of which is that it records the surprisingly large amount of adult education which is already going on. The correspondence schools alone enroll two million students, which is four times the registration in all colleges, universities and professional schools. There are 350 such correspondence schools, and their annual income from students is $70,000,000. While some of these institutions are intelligently conducted, and give the student a fair return for his money, there are others whose methods are little short of scandalous. They undertake to teach by mail many subjects which cannot possibly be taught that way; their fees are often unreasonably high; not infrequently courses are deliberately made so hard after the first few lessons that students become discouraged and drop out. Indeed, there is evidence that some courses have not even been prepared beyond the fourth or fifth lesson,

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since no one has ever been able to persist further. It is not at all uncommon for a school to have a sales force ten or twenty times as large as its faculty, and the competence of the latter is often open to the gravest question.

ALMOST as many students as enroll in correspondence schools are engaged in other types of adult educational activity. Labor colleges and summer schools now number thirty-five, and some of them have large numbers of students. One million young men and women, beyond public school age but not over twenty, are registered in continuation schools. Of the total population under the age of twenty-five there are 336,000 in commercial colleges, 100,000 in mechanics' schools, 842,000 in public evening schools, 256,000 in part-time day schools, 120,000 in Y. M. C. A. classes and 90,000 receiving instruction from the Knights of Columbus. University Extension accounts for 200,000. There are also numerous corporation schools, and educational enterprises like that of the American Bankers' Association. Indeed the amount of this work which is now being done, to say nothing of the great increase in it which we are likely to see in the near future, amply justifies the efforts of the Carnegie Corporation to study it. If it could be made even 10 percent more effective, the total benefit would be staggeringly large.

AS our readers are aware, the effort to obtain adoption of a child labor amendment to the federal Constitution has been abandoned for the present and probably for a long time to come. The forces arrayed against it were powerful; they were amply financed; and they conducted a thoroughly dishonest and dishonorable campaign of falsification, which by playing upon religious prejudice and the natural desire of parents to control the activities of their children, frightened large numbers of the American people into an unyielding opposition. Such being the case, another strategy must be followed by those who still, and despite the verdict of the electorate, believe it is wrong for children to labor as though they were adults, at the expense of education and often of physical stamina. The National Child Labor Committee reminds us that forty state legislatures meet in 1927, some of them in states which are particularly backward in their care for children. It is desirable that the necessity for establishing minimum standards should be urged upon these states, and the Committee has with great care drawn up a set of such standards, which is worth reprinting:

> I. No child under fourteen to be employed at any gainful occupation.
>
> II. No child under sixteen to be employed: 1. At any work or in any place dangerous, injurious or hazardous. Places and occupations known to be dangerous, injurious or hazardous for children under sixteen should be enumerated in the law, but authority should be delegated to some state board to extend the list. 2. After 7 at night or before 6 in the morning. 3. For more than 8 hours a day, or 6 days or 48 hours a week. 4. During the hours when the public school is in session unless the child has completed the eighth grade or its equivalent. 5. Unless the employer gets a work permit from the proper school official upon the following four conditions: (Except that no work permit is to be required for work in domestic service or agriculture). (a) A promise of employment showing the exact nature of the work. (b) Evidence that the child is of legal age for that specific employment. (c) Evidence that the child has completed the eighth grade of the public school or its equivalent. If all other requirements are complied with, this should be waived during the time the public school is not in session, a special vacation work permit being issued. (d) A statement by an authorized physician showing that he finds the child physically fit for that particular employment.
>
> III. No child under eighteen to be employed at any work or in any place dangerous, injurious or hazardous for children under eighteen. Places and occupations known to be dangerous, injurious or hazardous for children under eighteen should be enumerated in the law, but authority should be delegated to some state board to extend the list.

THESE requirements are in general, we submit, no more than reasonable. If we are unable to enforce at least the more important of them, throughout the United States, we might well hesitate to call ourselves a truly civilized nation. Over against this statement of what is theoretically desirable should be set a report of conditions at the time of the last national census, in 1920. There were then 1,060,858 children between the ages of ten and fifteen years "gainfully employed" in the United States. Of these 378,063 were under fourteen. Sixty-one percent were employed in agriculture, forestry or animal husbandry, and 39 percent, or more than 400,000, in other work, including manufactures. Says the Committee, in its excellent journal, The American Child, "Not all are harmfully employed. Many work under excellent regulations and we are ready to go so far as to say that some of the work is educative. On the other hand, we know that thousands of them work when the school is in session, some of them for excessively long hours and many without any show of reasonable educational attainment or physical fitness for the work they are doing." It is true that child labor in America is a less important evil than formerly. The number of children at work is gradually decreasing and safeguards are more numerous. That fact gives all the more reason for attacking it in the worst areas, state by state.

ONE result of the War was to interest the chemical industry in the business of providing munitions and armament. Accordingly the position of this industry in matters of military policy becomes ambiguous, as is that of the makers of guns, armor

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plate and explosives, and the advocacy of poison gas as a means of warfare by the Chemical Foundation and the Chemical Manufacturers' Association is not free from the suspicion of self-interest. The discussion converges upon the Geneva protocol for the suppression of poison gas in warfare, now before the Senate for ratification. Dr. J. F. Norris, President of the American Chemical Foundation, together with representatives of the American Legion and the United States Army, declares gas warfare to be essentially humane. "Chemistry is revolutionizing warfare," he asserts, "and making it so there will be much less slaughter in the future." On the other hand General Pershing points out that the use of poison gas is not likely to remain in its present state, that its further development is one of the important means of extending warfare from the battle front to the whole mass of non-combatants and that a gas may be discovered that will exterminate entire populations.

GOVERNOR SMITH should now have the time and we hope he will have the inclination to give serious and immediate attention to affairs in New York City. While he is not technically responsible for the metropolis, he is the outstanding personality in Tammany Hall, which controls the city government. Mayor Walker after many months in office has done next to nothing, so far as can be learned, in regard to any of the major problems by which this overgrown community, which is suffering an acute attack of elephantiasis, is confronted. In particular, street traffic is daily growing worse and the spectre of the saturation point comes ever nearer. The New Republic does not hold the naïve idea that more subways, new streets, over-head traffic ways, etc., afford any permanent relief for congestion. Subways actually make it worse, and the other measures are mere palliatives for a disease which can only be cured by decentralization and restriction of building. In the meantime, however, there is no reason why the community should not have such relief as is afforded by a sensible and modern system of traffic control, such as Mayor Walker, if we may judge by the new police regulations just issued, does not intend to adopt.

Old-Fashioned Free Speech

NONE of the late President Eliot's utterances on education is more important than that on The Function of Education in Democratic Society. In that essay he specifies as one object of education in a democracy "the firm planting in every child's mind of certain great truths which lie at the foundation of the democratic social theory." One of the most fundamental of such truths is that the practice of democracy depends on the intelligent action of public opinion, and that a primary condition of securing such action is freedom of expression in speech and press. All leading defenders of democratic government, from Milton to John Stuart Mill, have insisted that whatever be the embarrassments and dangers caused by the exercise of this freedom, they must be faced in the name of the system of human control in which they are inherent, that they are in most cases outweighed by the evil of the repudiation of the system involved in suppression. It is disappointing to find another educator of national prominence and important executive position, Dr. Frank P. Graves, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, disagreeing fundamentally in this matter with the prophets of democracy.

To Doctor Graves came by appeal the application of the American Civil Liberties Union for permission to hold a meeting in the Stuyvesant High School to discuss Old-Fashioned Freedom of Speech. The application had been denied by the New York Board of Education without the courtesy of a hearing. This denial Doctor Graves has now affirmed. He states that the act of the Legislature permitting the use of school buildings for civic forums and community centres, did so for a particular object, to wit: "To promote and advance principles of Americanization among the residents of the state. . . . The Legislature never intended to throw the school buildings wide open as public forums where organizations and societies of every kind can assemble and discuss subjects of every nature." He cites religion and sectarianism as subjects expressly barred, and although the use of school buildings for partisan political meetings is permitted by the act of the Legislature, he thinks such use should be discouraged. While recognizing the importance of religion and politics he thinks the use of school buildings should not be granted "if there is any probability that it will be resented by a considerable number of people." Coming to the question of the fundamental principle of democracy, he continues: "We all believe in free speech within the limits of the Constitution and the law. . . . The real question, then, is whether the use by the American Civil Liberties Union of the Stuyvesant High School in the City of New York for a meeting to discuss 'old-fashioned free speech' is such a use as will promote the welfare of the schools in that city, or whether it is such an activity, as, like religion and politics, should be debarred from the public schools and left to be sponsored by other institutions."

In other words, Doctor Graves admits that it was the intention of the Legislature to open the schools to such uses as would promote the education of the community in what President Eliot called the "great truths which lie at the foundation of the democratic social theory." He pays lip service to the principle of freedom of speech, but evidently fears that the American Civil Liberties Union will not discuss this principle in the abstract, but will make special application of it which will be offensive to certain people. He shifts his ground when he

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judges extra-scholastic uses of school buildings by the test of promoting the welfare of the school itself, which is obviously absurd, and suggests the conclusion that the community exists for the school, not the school for the community.

All this coming from a highly placed official in the educational hierarchy is an exact illustration of the reason why democracy fails. It fails because the officials who creep, intrude and climb into positions of responsibility are too timid or too self-interested to give it a trial. They are afraid to have the community, including the children, educated in its principles for fear these subjects may insist on giving it a trial. Of this cowardice and subservience the history of American education in the last ten years shows many examples, not a few of them in New York City. The refusal of promotional standing to Doctor Lefkowitz and Misses Hughan and Hardy, because they assumed the right of citizenship to think and speak on public affairs, is to be added to the dismissal of Mr. Benjamin Glassberg in 1919, because he maintained reserve on the subject of Soviet Russia instead of flinging himself into an orgy of vituperation as the patrioteers would have had him do. It will be remembered that Doctor Graves, when asked to use his power to reinstate Mr. Glassberg, squirmed, shuffled, equivocated, passed the buck, and finally left this teacher under the stigma of disloyalty, which he admitted was undeserved, rather than offend certain powerful interests. We have had in these years a great parade of democratic ideology and machinery under cover of which the real democratic character of our institutions has been steadily subverted. The contention of Mr. Mandell, of the Board of Superintendents of New York, that teachers have not the rights of citizens is a case in point. Mr. Mandell would doubtless leave teachers the ballot, but the ballot is a mere piece of machinery, and the election an empty form without the exercise of political intelligence, the result of education in which freedom of discussion is fundamental. The fathers of democracy never expected the franchise to work in an intellectual vacuum. Its only meaning is in registering a process of selection and judgment. The emphasis on the ritual of the ballot box, amid a decay of the functions which give it meaning, is a main reason why democracy is today discredited. What respect can youth have for a democracy which excludes or minimizes in education the principle of freedom, which expels or demotes teachers who exercise it, which closes the school buildings to a discussion of it on the ground that "the practice will be resented by a considerable number of people"? The salutary power of free discussion in a democracy rests precisely in giving outlet to resentment and opportunity for its assuaging. This is what the former generation of democratic educator-statesmen like President Eliot knew, and what the present generation of time-serving placemen has forgotten.

State Water Power Authority

GOVERNOR Alfred E. Smith of New York seems determined to get on with the development of the water power resources of his state. At the dinner given by the Survey Associates on December 13 in New York City he refused to rest on his achievement of having, within the preceding seven days, forced a withdrawal of the hostile State Water Power Commission's plan to lease the St. Lawrence power to a private company. He proposed that the coming Legislature create a Water Power Authority to act not as a branch but as an instrumentality of the government, to study and bring in a sound engineering and financial plan for the development of the 1,200,000 horse power on the St. Lawrence. He said that if this body, composed of his own appointees, reported that it could not be done, but that the matter was one for private capital to handle, he would stand by its decision.

This is progress. While it means a year's delay it furnishes the state for the first time with an opportunity to make its own detailed plans. There is at present no agency in the state government equipped or instructed to do that. All the plans have so far been drawn by the engineers of private companies and submitted to the members of the Water Power Commission, men who are not experts in water power development, who have the cares and responsibilities of their own executive and legislative positions to keep them busy. They simply do not know what they are about when they come to a discussion of plans for such an important development as the St. Lawrence. Under the guise of giving a lease they had apparently been led into offering a three-year option, something which they had no power to do. In other words, the state agencies at present are not adequate to this new job, which must be done and must be done well. The creation of a Power Authority is the next step.

Governor Smith differs from other political leaders in his confidence in the political state. He has learned to distrust past delegations of state powers to private groups. No matter how well our fathers thought they were protecting the public in the leases and contracts and limited franchises of the past, either the private companies or changes in the relation between state and federal governments have stripped that protection away. That is his thesis. The two-cent-a-mile rate written into the charter of the New York Central was overthrown because the Interstate Commerce Commission held that the profitable sections of a railroad must help pay for the unprofitable ones. The limited term franchise which the City of New York gave to the Hudson River Railroad for Eleventh Avenue was lost when a state law was passed providing that in the case of mergers new franchises were to be granted by the Secretary of State, and now the combined New York Central and Hudson River Railroad

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has a 999-year lease on Eleventh Avenue. These things are in his experience. He consequently trusts the state more than private companies to protect the interests involved in the disposal of the state's property.

That quality of confidence in the capacity of the political state to do its own jobs is equivalent to more than distrust of such long-time arrangements with private companies. Behind a statement of his such as "Why the state should give to some private person the right to do something the state itself can do I don't understand," there is a real satisfaction in the functions the state is already performing. The work of the Port Authority, the New York-New Jersey tunnel, the Port of Albany, the two state power plants paying expenses and 10 percent, all these give him a confidence that the state can do its own jobs pretty well if it wants to. There is honest Rotarian pride in his little boast out-of-the-corner-of-his-mouth: "We ain't such bad business men."

The plan for a Power Authority, "a body politic and corporate," is in line with the American and European experience during and since the War. When a job needs to be done where it is essential to conserve the utmost freedom of action and to obtain a separation from the host of political irrelevancies that interject themselves into all attempts at legislative control, the government-owned corporation is turned to as the most effective method we have evolved. Senator Norris's proposals for a federal railroad corporation and a federal Muscle Shoals corporation and Senator Wheeler's proposal for a federal anthracite corporation are along the same line. During the War we had a number of federal corporations for diverse tasks which the ordinary governmental agencies were unable to undertake. In Germany the Socialists, spurred on by the necessity of outwitting a bureaucracy that was intent on sabotaging the revolution, turned to the government-owned corporation. For them it was a compromise more to gain the advantage of freedom from a hostile monarchical bureaucracy than to secure the advantages of private initiative. With us it is a compromise to retain the advantages of private initiative and bend them toward a public function.

Governor Smith's conception of a state-owned corporation, such as the Power Authority would be, is simple. It is to act as an instrumentality of the state. It is, after its plan has been approved by the Legislature, to issue tax-exempt securities predicated only upon the proven earning possibilities of the development. It is to retail to the private distributing companies at a price that will protect the small consumers. The state will be called upon only to advance a relatively small amount of money, which will be returned to it, for expenses prior to actual development. When the Power Authority comes before the Legislature for approval of its plans, it must show contracts with the private distributing companies that will guarantee its success. If those contracts cannot be secured the whole plan will have, perforce, to be dropped. Potentially there still remains a whip hand to secure adequate contracts for the St. Lawrence power from the private transmission companies in the possibility of state construction of the new transmission lines. The need for carrying every proposal through a Republican state Legislature and the fact that when the Power Authority's proposal comes before it Governor Smith will no longer be the Chief Executive of the state weakens this whip hand considerably.

The whole New York state struggle to retain the natural water power resources of the state is significant in view of the place which both public utility regulation and the disposal of the remaining water power sites are getting to have in national politics. Muscle Shoals and Boulder Canyon are national duplicates of the St. Lawrence in New York state politics. The need for yardsticks, however small in comparison with the vast amount of capital invested in private production throughout the country, is becoming clearer. The recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Indianapolis Waterworks case, which stresses reproduction cost more than any of the past decisions of the Court, will, when it is applied to the railroads, for example, convince more and more people, farmers, shippers and consumers generally, that the time has come to call a halt to the vicious circling of rates and values in all public utilities, and that for all future investment we must lay down a principle that will give to the investors no more than a fair return on their actual cash investment. This is the principle of the Federal Water Power act. This is one of the main advantages of state or federally owned corporations to manage public utilities. They protect the consumers from constant revaluations. They afford a standard by which the ordinary processes of regulation as we know it can be watched and criticized. Governor Smith and his supporters in New York state are doing something far more important than securing cheap power to the citizens of New York. They are moving toward a revision of our whole national policy toward public utilities.

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Meet Yourself

How to Use the Personality Paint Box

TO meet oneself through the good offices of Jung's theory of types is to be like the motorist who, after driving a car for years without knowledge of its mechanism, suddenly comes upon one of these cut-away engines and begins to understand the hows and whys of motor and transmission. A most valuable experience, especially to such as are dissatisfied with their mental powers and self-starters and gearshifts; and not too difficult if approached gradually and from the proper angle.

There are four inescapable and basic human attitudes—the *observant,* the *expectant,* the *personal,* and the *analytical*—in one of which every developed personality finds his most valued interests, does his most effective work, and therefore spends the greater part of his time. They are the four primary character colors which each individual combines and blends according to his taste as he unconsciously paints in the detail of his own personality portrait, and thus reveals his type. For convenience in identifying types I have written a brief description of each of these four attitudes upon a separate card, and the request to "arrange them in the order in which they are important to you," is my favorite introduction to my favorite subject. For the correct arrangement of the four attitudes gives me a character sketch upon which to base a more detailed study of the personality with a fair chance of discovering how the colors have been mixed and applied.

The Observant Attitude

Depending upon Outer or Sense Perception

Imitative—keenly aware of the immediate objective environment, desiring to have what other people have, and to do what other people do. *Conventional,* but merely from imitation, being quite untroubled by deep convictions and theories of life.

Values the Art of Living: material possessions; luxury; beauty; sensuous enjoyment, from food and beautiful clothing to music, art, and the beauties of nature.

Strong in the ability to live in and enjoy the present.

Danger of: insufficient judgment; credulity and suggestibility, and a tendency to become a mere pleasure seeker.

The Expectant Attitude

Depending upon Inner or Intuitive Perception

Original—keenly alert for escape from the immediate objective environment, intensely abhorrent of routine, liking to have what others have not, or to do what others do not, to be different, or at least to think differently. Therefore *unconventional,* sometimes "Bohemian," and always individual.

Values Inspiration: either in the form of objective possibilities—exploration and adventure, enterprise, opportunity, mechanical invention—or in the form of subjective understanding, from the so-called "hunch" or big idea to philosophy, a new view of life, artistic or religious vision and symbolism.

Strong in initiative, creative impulse, and understanding.

Danger of: insufficient judgment, instability, discouragement, and lack of perseverance.

The Personal Attitude

Depending upon Feeling Judgments—Likes and Dislikes

Sensitive and tactful—indifferent to logic, with no taste for analysis.

Values Harmonious Emotional Relationships and Ideals: social life with many contacts and friendships; or intensive devotion to a few friends, or to art, literature, especially poetry, flowers, or religion.

Strong in human ties, or in positions requiring team work, unquestioning loyalty and devotion, or exalted sentiment.

Danger of: insufficient perception; illogical prejudices, and an inability to be brief and businesslike.

The Analytical Attitude

Depending upon Thinking Judgments

Logical—scientific, executive, judicial, or philosophical. With emotional life accidental, and social life incidental.

Values Truth: either in the form of fact, formula and method; or theory, hypothesis, and abstraction.

Strong in reasoning power.

Danger of: insufficient perception; hasty, untrustworthy, often very tactless, inconsiderate or irritable feeling judgments; and neglect of social life.

One's least developed attitude is often the easiest to determine. "I'm not sure," you are likely to say, if you are a well balanced person, "which of these two comes first, but that one comes last; I'm not at all like that." To the initiated, however, this at once reveals the primary attitude, which always forces ruthlessly into fourth place the one attitude with which it cannot blend. The observant and the expectant attitudes, based respectively upon the outer or sense perception and the inner or intuitive perception, are radically antagonistic. The observant is at bottom an enjoyment attitude living in the present; but intuition yields its treasures only to habitual expectancy which by its very nature must utterly ignore the present. And the personal and analytical attitudes, based respectively upon feeling judgment and thinking judgment, are equally incompatible. Wherever thinking is final the personal attitude is undervalued and neglected; and wherever

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feeling is decisive, thinking is inferior and difficult if not impossible. We may depend therefore upon the rule that *when one of the two perceptive attitudes comes first the other will fall to fourth place; and when one of the two judging attitudes comes first the other will be fourth.*

Let us consider for a moment the nature of the four psychological functions, sensation, intuition, feeling and thinking, which underlie the four basic attitudes. *Sensation* is the source of a great wealth of experience, both conscious and unconscious, including everything that has ever stimulated our organs of sense. And quite inseparable from this wealth of sense perception there is an equal wealth of *feeling* judgment, likes and dislikes. We can sense nothing without feeling for it liking, disliking, or indifference—the feeling that it is unimportant. Feeling, a purely personal valuation, is attached like a price tag to every object or experience that sensation adds to our store. It may be conscious, vaguely conscious, or entirely unconscious, as has been amply proved by psychoanalysis. And there is also *thinking* judgment attached to everything sensed, a very infantile, even animal thinking perhaps, entirely undifferentiated from the welter of sensation and feeling, but a sort of thinking none the less: this object is similar to, or different from, that other object in this or that respect. Contrasted with the feeling judgment this is intellectual. It has nothing to do with like and dislike, it has to do with knowing and understanding. To explain *intuition,* the perception of unconscious processes, we must postulate an "unconscious" that is not only active, but creatively active. The apparently magical productiveness of the highly differentiated intuition is due to the fact that the intuitive types value and give their directed attention and interest to the inner creativeness which the other types undervalue and ignore.

The infant is a little bundle of psychic energy which must find an outlet in the form of interest. Not to be interested is to be asleep or ill, and he has only these four ways of being interested. Sensation vies with intuition which struggles to interpret it, while every perception, outer or inner, is loaded with vaguely realized thoughts and feelings. This dreamlike chaos of impressions simply happens to him without choice or control on his part, until presently he begins to favor one of the two perceptive functions, either sensation for its own sake, or intuition the interpreter; and one of the two judging functions, either feeling for its own sake, or the thinking which leads to knowing. These preferred functions begin to be *differentiated,* that is, they are lifted up out of the general psychological welter by a *consciously directed attention.* The result is that they absorb more than their original share of the child's interest, at the expense of the two rival functions, which consequently sink more and more into the unconscious. This is the first step toward mental maturity, constituting at the same time the beginning of type development from which no adult mentality can escape. It may be rapid and very apperent or gradual and easily overlooked, but the resulting types of babies are familiar to everyone who has much to do with little children.

The favored perceptive function may vie for some time with the favored judging function for supremacy, but eventually one of them mounts a throne from which deposition is practically impossible. Throughout life that function rules the conscious personality, forcing the other three into varying degrees of servitude, neglect, and at worst, unconsciousness. Though none of the functions can become entirely unconscious they do become relatively so, and Jung speaks of the three less mature and therefore inferior functions as the "unconscious functions" because we are so much less aware of them than of the primary which dominates our lives.

There are then eight different ways of developing from infancy to maturity, since eight combinations are mathematically possible under the given conditions which force the function most antagonistic to the primary to occupy the neglected fourth position, and to exist throughout life in the comparatively unconscious state of early childhood. Each child begins to choose his road when he begins to choose his interests instead of merely reacting to those which force themselves upon him. And these eight roads lead to eight easily observable personality types based upon the relative differentiation and degree of consciousness for the four psychic functions. We may have:

SENSATION	*Thinking*—Feeling *Feeling*—Thinking	undifferentiated intuition.
INTUITION	*Thinking*—Feeling *Feeling*—Thinking	undifferentiated sensation.
FEELING	*Sensation*—Intuition *Intuition*—Sensation	undifferentiated thinking.
THINKING	*Sensation*—Intuition *Intuition*—Sensation	undifferentiated feeling.

Although every mature mentality must belong in one of these eight groups, the classification of humanity is not quite so simple as the analysis thus far might indicate. To avoid confusion I have learned to postpone discussion of the two attitudes to which Jung gives the place of primary importance: the *extraverted attitude,* and the *introverted attitude.* Every one of us is born either an extravert or an introvert, and remains extravert or introvert to the end of his days.

In his Content of the Psychosis, in which Jung shows that the difference between extraverts and introverts is so fundamental that they do not have even the same mental disorders—hysteria belonging to the extravert, while psychasthenia and dementia præcox belong to the introvert—he writes, "The difference between these types is almost alarming in extent . . . An Extravert can hardly, or only with

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great difficulty, come to any understanding with an Introvert on any delicate psychological question." The cause of the difference appears to be some as yet undiscovered physical variation which leads in the one case to a relaxed, and in the other to a tense attitude toward life.

The following table of contrasting characteristics, gleaned largely from Jung's Psychological Types, will enable most people to decide in which direction their tendencies lie, though of course no one can be altogether upon either side of the line.

EXTRAVERT	INTROVERT
The afterthinker. Cannot understand life until he has lived it.	The forethinker. Cannot live life until he understands it.
Attitude relaxed and confident, he loves life and is quick to get into the game, craving new and untried experiences.	Attitude tense and questioning, he doubts life, watching the game from the sidelines before taking part in what is new and untried.
Mind outwardly directed, interest and attention following objective happenings, primarily those of the immediate environment. His real world therefore is the outer world of people and things.	Mind inwardly directed, frequently unaware of the objective environment, interest and attention being engrossed by inner events. His real world therefore is the inner world of ideas and understanding.
The civilizing genius, the man of action and practical achievement, who goes from doing to thinking and back to doing.	The cultural genius, the man of ideas and abstract invention, who goes from thinking to doing and back to thinking.
Conduct in essential matters is always governed by objective conditions.	Conduct in essential matters is always governed by subjective values.
Spends himself lavishly upon external conditions and claims which to him constitute life.	Defends himself as far as possible against external conditions and claims in favor of the inner life.
Understandable and accessible, often sociable, more at home in the world of people and things than in the world of ideas.	Subtle and impenetrable, often taciturn and shy, more at home in the world of ideas than in the world of people and things.
Expansive and less impassioned, he unloads his emotions as he goes along.	Intense and passionate, he bottles up his emotions in the form of carefully guarded high explosives.
Typical weakness lies in a tendency toward intellectual superficiality, very conspicuous in extreme types.	Typical weakness lies in tendency toward unpracticality, very conspicuous in all extreme types.
Health and wholesomeness depend upon acquirement of balancing introversion.	Health and wholesomeness depend upon acquirement of balancing extraversion.
Aristotle. Gœthe. Freud. Humphry Davy. Liebig. Roosevelt.	Plato. Schiller. Jung. Helmholtz. Faraday. Lincoln.

The two worlds, outer and inner, belong of course equally to all of us. We are born into the outer world of people and things, bringing with us the great inner world of inherited experience, without which we would be utterly incapable of grasping or interpreting the outer situation. This inherited experience, the very existence of which is denied by the extravert psychologies of Freudian and Behaviorist alike, is called by Jung the "collective unconscious" and consists of "archetypes," which are to our mental processes what instinct is to conduct. Born with human archetypes, we understand and behave as human beings; born with an animal's archetypes, if such a thing were possible, we would interpret life as the animal interprets it, and behave as the animal behaves. Hatch an oriole in a robin's nest, and will he grow up to mate with a robin and build as the robin builds? Not at all. Having the oriole's archetypes he will grasp the situation as his forebears grasped it, mate with his own kind, and build the intricate hanging nest of the oriole.

The extravert is usually a very understandable person; with this hypothesis of the *collective unconscious,* to which each of us adds his own *personal unconscious,* we can begin to understand the introvert and the vast scope of the inner world he holds so dear. Where the extravert's fondness for new and untried experiences keeps him always looking for differences, the introvert's devotion to what is tested and understood keeps him eagerly watching for *similarities.* The delight in differences keeps leading the extravert's attention and interest outward into the concrete; while a passion for similarities leads the introvert's attention constantly inward toward the abstract, closer and closer to those unconscious archetypes which are the essence of abstraction—the similarities of countless lives throughout countless millions of years, the real source of all ideas. With his tense attitude the introvert cannot go lightly and casually from one interest to another. His impressions strike deeply and abide with him, and he lives in an essentially abstracting attitude; while the extravert, whose impressions because of his relaxed attitude are all comparatively superficial, goes rapidly from one interest to another, and his interests make up in number what they lack in depth.

Naturally the abstracting attitude, involving as it does a close intimacy with inherited experience, must have an immense influence upon the character of the four psychic functions, each of which may be either extraverted or introverted, so that in reality there are sixteen ways of growing from infancy to maturity. Jung has discovered that *the primary function alone is extraverted in the extravert and introverted in the introvert, all three of the inferior functions taking the opposite attitude by way of compensation,* which explains why nobody is ever wholly extravert or wholly introvert.

With the understanding that neither credit nor discredit is attached to membership in any type, since each has its failures, its mediocrities, and its successes, we may now assemble our personality paint box and try to discover just how we, our families and our friends have managed to mix the colors.

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THE PERSONALITY PAINT BOX

If you are able to locate your primary function below, your two balancing functions will be in the diagonally opposite quarter of the box, while your undifferentiated and childish function will be touching corners with the primary in the quarter of the box directly opposite.

EXTRAVERTED SENSATION Makes the extreme realist, very observant, living in the present, and most at home in the enjoyment attitude. Untroubled by theories, guided by custom and convention, valuing above all else material possessions and concrete enjoyment.	INTROVERTED SENSATION Impressionistic and visionary, observant, but seeing everything differently from other people. At home in the enjoyment attitude, but very uncommunicative, often appearing perplexed. Sensitive to atmosphere, valuing above all else his own subjective impressions.
EXTRAVERTED INTUITION Makes the explorer, inventor, organizer or promoter, living in the expectant attitude, always ready to sacrifice the present for the immediate project, enthusiastic, impulsive, keen-minded, impatient and often fickle, valuing opportunity above all else.	INTROVERTED INTUITION Makes philosophers, religious leaders and prophets, artists, queer geniuses and cranks, living in the expectant attitude, with a passion for understanding, impulsive, eager for some new view of life, valuing inspiration and insight above all else.
EXTRAVERTED FEELING Makes interpretive artists, orators, philanthropists, supporters of cultural movements and activities, living in the personal attitude and strong in the art of friendship for its own sake, sociable and tactful, but too fluent to be brief and businesslike. Valuing harmonious social relationships above all else.	INTROVERTED FEELING Makes a reserved and inaccessible personality, silent and deep, outwardly reposeful or even cold, with no desire to impress or influence others. At home in the personal attitude, but intensely averse to violent display of emotion. Values above all else the inner emotional life for its own sake.
EXTRAVERTED THINKING Makes *reformers, executives,* systematists, and men of applied science. Stubborn, dogmatic, sceptical, practical and *dominating, living in the* analytical attitude strictly in accordance with an intellectually derived formula, and *expecting others to live by it.* Strong in will-power and practical achievement, but weak in æsthetic activities and the art of friendship. Values above all else the concrete facts of life.	INTROVERTED THINKING Makes *the scholar, theorist,* and abstract thinker in science, mathematics, economics, philosophy, etc. Dogmatic and *egotistical if he mistakes his* world of ideas for his own personality, but more often inclined to undervalue himself *and his own mental processes.* Lives in the analytical attitude, but is more tolerant than the extraverted thinker, less critical, and less inclined to force his judgments upon others. Values understanding.

One need not be a psychologist in order to collect and identify types any more than one needs to be a botanist to collect and identify plants. It is necessary only to learn to recognize extraverted and introverted sensation, intuition, feeling and thinking in their various capacities—in first place as master, in second and third places as more or less useful servants always imitating the master, and in fourth place, sometimes useful, sometimes a liability, sometimes revolting anarchists. This requires study but the rewards are considerable. The collector of types acquires a new conception of wholesome living, a new basis for the criticism and if necessary the reconstruction of his own life. There are certain vital questions he can hardly hope to escape.

Does his life afford for his primary function the scope necessary to his individual success? If not, mediocrity is forced upon him, for nothing but a highly differentiated function engaged in work which affords it scope can compete with other highly differentiated functions. Success in this world goes only to the primary function which has found the right job.

Are his two intermediate functions sufficiently developed—differentiated and directed—to give the necessary balance between perception and judgment, extraversion and introversion? If not, even the most highly differentiated primary function in the most suitable of vocations may go to waste. Both perception and judgment are necessary to success in almost any line; and extreme extraversion is always superficial, while extreme introversion is always unpractical.

Is his undifferentiated function sufficiently conscious to keep him from becoming neurotic? For neurosis is due, not to suppressed sexuality, but to the overstressing of the primary function forcing the antagonistic function into the unconscious and bringing about the intolerable neglect of an essential part of the psychic life, a neglect which drives the personality to war with itself. This explains why neurosis is so frequently associated with genius, since both depend upon the extreme development of the primary function. The remedy lies, not in an attempt to bring the most neglected function into consciousness, for that would be exceedingly difficult, but in the deliberate cultivation of the secondary function, a conscious living in the secondary attitude. This is comparatively easy, and so enlarges the field of consciousness as to bring the neglected side of life up into the light of conscious criticism and attention.

Besides a better understanding of himself, the collector of types acquires a new appreciation of people unlike himself. Among those who have studied with me are people who have greatly enriched marriage by this increased appreciation of each other. Also parents who have learned to understand their children, and children who have learned to understand their parents. "Actually," exclaimed one young friend, "we are beginning to understand *Father!*"

Most important of all, however, is the application of these principles to education, not only throughout school life, but especially in the pre-school period when the child's type is being permanently established.

Of course not everybody is hospitable to the Jung psychology. It is amusing to note the reactions of the different types to the type theory. Introverts recognize the truth of it immediately, often hungrily, as if it were what they had been wanting all their lives. The sensation extravert sees nothing in it at all; the feeling extravert thinks, or rather *feels,* that it is perfectly wonderful, and one really ought

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to brush up on one's psychology; the thinking extravert is sceptical, sometimes hostile, until you begin to show him concrete examples; the intuitive extravert grasps it as quickly as the introverts do, but values it only casually. "Isn't that interesting!" exclaimed one of them upon glancing over my charts. "Can't you just *see* yourself and all your friends!" Then she laid the matter aside and never came back to it.

Indeed the extraverts are too occupied with living to be greatly concerned with theories about life except when the introverts have adopted those theories and proved their usefulness. When the introverts have demonstrated that Jung's theory of types is as important to human relations as Newton's Laws of Motion are to physics, or anesthetics to surgery, or electricity to industry, then the extraverts will take it up and apply it to the uses of civilization as only the extraverts can, making of it the basis for a reorganization and modernization of education, morality, and religion.

KATHARINE COOK BRIGGS.

Mussolini and the Powers

EARLY last autumn, Baron Aloisi, Italian Ambassador to Albania, visited President Ahmed Zogu in the somewhat unusual capacity of "personal envoy" of Benito Mussolini and for a decidedly unusual purpose. He came to demand flatly that Albania accept immediately without reservations the declaration of November 9, 1921, of the Council of Ambassadors. This declaration, never recognized by Albania, delegates to Italy responsibility for maintaining Albania's integrity against foreign attack, thus paving the way for Italian military control of her small neighbor across the Adriatic.

Taken aback and realizing the danger of his position, Zogu hesitated. Annoyed, the Baron darkly pointed out that Italy, in the event of refusal, could arrange a pact with Jugoslavia for the partition between the two nations of Albania or, better still, could easily create a pretext for military intervention by "staging" an incursion into Albanian territory from the Jugoslav frontier.

On the other hand, the Baron continued, Mussolini was prepared to pay well for consent. He would on receipt of Zogu's signed acceptance turn over 50,000,000 gold lire as a personal gift. In addition, he would give him:

Three thousand rifles;
Three thousand uniforms;
Three thousand mules;
Five hundred machine guns;
Ten batteries of 3-inch 75 cm. mountain guns.

Zogu pleaded indecision whereupon Aloisi gave him until ten o'clock the next morning as a breathing space, remarking threateningly: "Think quickly because His Excellency, the Head of the Italian government, is in no waiting mood. If his desire is rejected, diplomatic relations will be severed."

The President began conferences with his Ministers and with representatives of Great Britain, France and Jugoslavia. He separated Italian officers from native Albanian troops and ordered most of the latter to proceed rapidly to Valona and Argyrocastro. He temporarily suspended from duty Lieutenant Commander Prelli, Italian commander of Albania's fleet of two ships. Military resistance to Italy was futile, but Zogu was preparing to make a "brave little Belgium" stand.

After a second twenty-four hours of conferences —granted grudgingly by the Italian envoy—the Albanian answer was in the negative. Aloisi left, threatening dire consequences if the incident were made public. He sailed for home on an Italian destroyer.

Meantime Sir Ronald Graham, British Ambassador at Rome, on instructions from London, visited Mussolini and, in a friendly conversation, brought up the matter of Italo-Albanian relations. There had been rumors at the Foreign Office, he said, of a preposterous demand. He laughed warmly at the absurdity of such rumors. They were, of course, untrue—were they not? he concluded.

Mussolini's hesitation was but brief. Then, with indignant heat he declared that Aloisi must have far exceeded his instructions. The Dictator realized the game of gobbling up Albania was folly if England refused consent.

A few weeks later Aloisi returned to Albania with the text of a proposed treaty of peace and amity between Italy and Albania.* He begged Zogu to forget the previous incident.

The Albanian incident symbolizes the transformation Mussolini has wrought in his nation's foreign policies. Bold threats and impossible demands instead of timid requests.

In the diplomatic game, Italy today has three trump cards: Europe is tired of war and willing to go unusual lengths to avoid it; Italy, under Mussolini's guidance, has developed an illusion of greatness supported by violent nationalism; Il Duce is a skilful tactician, able to use the threat of war as a means for blackmailing and yet to pacify the people overnight when he wishes. So the Duce rattles his sabre and wins many cheap victories. There was the Corfu incident, the Upper Adige incident, there have been many diplomatic tilts with France and some with Jugoslavia.

*This article was written before the announcement of the new Italo-Albanian treaty, because of which the Jugoslav cabinet last week resigned.

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Behind the barrage of war threat the new Italian diplomacy works ceaselessly. If, as the Italian chauvinists assert, pre-war Italy did not properly take care of her interests, post-war Italy is more than making up for her predecessor's laxity. So far as Il Duce is concerned nothing which can happen diplomatically or politically in Europe is outside the range of Italian interests. Italy manages to get her finger into every pie, and withdraws only after selling her "interest" to the highest bidder.

Treaties are pleasant toys. Mussolini likes making them so well that in Rome one speaks of a treaty a day keeping the doctor away. There are treaties with Albania, Czechoslovakia, France, Canada, Switzerland, Poland, Austria, Egypt, Spain, Jugoslavia, Russia, Hungary, Great Britain, Finland, Germany, Turkey, Rumania, Greece, Guatemala and Yenem. Others are being negotiated. Some are merely commercial. Many have secret clauses. All have only a paper value except in so far as they will give the semblance of reasonableness to a choice of allies in emergency.

Mussolini likes to float trial balloons. On any given situation in international affairs, Italy can be found offering a variegated assortment of attitudes. The press roars, political circles make demands, semi-official spokesmen make requests, official suggestions are heard. Each voice speaks for Mussolini. All are made known abroad. Winds are tested. Shifts in emphasis are tried out. Finally, the Duce finds his policy—always his and Italy's "traditional policy from which she has never swerved"—except during the days of liberalism. He asks for a trifle more than he can get . . . the sabre rattles a bit at this point. Then he bargains. Usually he gets all he expected to, and trades a little more for something else he wants or has it "credited to his account." These credits have accumulated until Italy has a great deal to draw on for a day of real emergency.

The result of this activity is a fast spreading network of secret treaties which soon may be as elaborate as the one which was ripped asunder at Serajevo. In fact, it is not impossible that diminution in French plaints about the destruction of the Versailles fabric is accounted for by the realization that another fabric, just as acceptable to rampant nationalism and even more so to secret diplomacy, is being woven.

And so the lesson of the World War and all the good resolutions it temporarily engendered have been forgotten in the scramble to follow Fascist Italy in grabbing all you can. It is but human for each European foreign office to think it can outbluff the rest. Mussolini has successfully maintained himself in the key position by using Italy's threat of war. He has persuaded foreign offices, while ostensibly manifesting calm indifference, to work secretly with might and main to conclude bargains with her.

The Mediterranean is obviously the pivot of the new balance of power and here one has the clue to Mussolini's true ambition. Italy turns toward the East, toward North Africa and the Indian Ocean. Her dream is succession to France's colonial empire. Mediterranean ambitions explain every single important step in Italian foreign policy. For example, coolness to France has nothing to do with that nation's harboring of anti-Fascist refugees. The quarrel with Germany does not originate in the racial minority question of the Upper Adige. England is a friend for a more vital reason than that of amity between two Tory nations. No one knows how far Chamberlain has gone—but it is surely far—toward formulating and cementing friendship on the basis of mutual need in the eastern Mediterranean, England to save an empire, Italy to create one. Britain's treaty with Turkey removed Italy's opportunity to play upon differences between those two nations and clinched the Anglo-Italian working agreement. The Abyssinian pact illustrates both the Italian ambition and the means Mussolini is using to obtain it.

Mussolini's imperial leit motiv explains the recently initiated policy of rapprochement with Spain. It is significant that Italy approved, England was willing to laisser faire, and France blocked Spain's desire for undisputed sovereignty over Tangier. Here, as in other North African matters, Italy was playing the far-sighted game of selling her nonexistent interest. In this case she sold to France and got in return a policy of "hands off" Italian nationals in Tunis. Italy wants Tunis. It is rich—the only rich North African colony she has any chance of getting; and its possession would allow her to dominate the route from Marseilles to Morocco. But the time is not yet ripe for action. Italy has already filled Tunis with Italians. Now, all she wants is to keep them Italian. Thus, when the time does come for action, Tunis will be Italian without Italy's lifting a finger.

And that will be a beginning.

PETER BROOKLYN.

Burning Bush

And suddenly the flowing air stands still
And the loose night grows tense and small;
Runners of flame from nowhere rise and fill
The narrowest veins, till all

The martyrdom of fire is not enough
For bodies eager to be doomed;
Burning in one long agony of love,
Burning, but not consumed.

And the last white blaze leaps from our being's core,
And flesh, too shaken to rejoice,
Cries out till quiet, vaster than before,
Speaks in the still, small voice.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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Washington Notes

ONE of the troubles about pointing out in print that a public man—particularly a Congressman—is above the average in ability is that it never stops there. If for example in an unguarded moment some more or less unbiased newspaper editor comments just once upon the sensible qualities of such an individual, immediately his press agents and publicity directors leap upon the admission and construe it into general recognition of genius. In a little while it has been put over on the press generally. In a little while he and his friends come to regard it as deliberate and inexcusable hostility if every time his name is mentioned some tribute to his transcendent ability is not paid. A case in point is that of Ogden L. Mills. I agree that Mr. Mills in mental capacity, education and force is considerably above the average Congressman, but candor compells me to confess my conviction that he falls considerably short of being the ablest Republican in the House, which is the way in which those most closely in touch with him insisted upon having him described when the announcement of his appointment to succeed Garrard Winston as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury was made. At that time it was the New York Herald-Tribune, of which estimable though dull journal Mr. Mills is part owner and a director, which asserted that regardless of party, Democrats as well as Republicans all over the country will congratulate themselves upon the appointment of a man of such outstanding ability as Mr. Mills.

Personally, this seems to me going a little far. I meet in the course of a week as many people as the next man and I must admit that I have seen no signs of the general rejoicing so modestly spoken of in the Herald-Tribune. On the contrary here in Washington I have heard some people not wholly unknown in the country—and not Democrats, either—express the feeling that the change from Winston to Mills meant a net loss so far as actual Treasury efficiency is concerned. Whatever you may have thought of Winston—and he was not loved by all—he certainly was non-political and he certainly was saturated with Treasury knowledge. It is true he put out for gentle Mr. Mellon one or two quite absurd statements on the debts, but on the whole he knew his job and did it well. If Mr. Mills does anything like as well he will surprise some close observers here who know him intimately and have had opportunities to see just how far his ability really goes. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Mills is more partisan and more political than anyone whom Mr. Mellon has had around him in the Treasury since he first took hold under Harding. It is also true that he is exceedingly practical and not at all idealistic in his politics. Ample testimony to this can be given by those associated in the management of his recent campaign in New York.

In some circles here surprise was expressed that Mr. Mills, with his somewhat exalted idea of himself undiminished by his defeat in New York, would accept as relatively unimportant a place as an under-secretaryship in the Treasury. It is, when you come to consider it coldly, rather a step down for a gentleman who so recently missed his grab at the governorship of the great state of New York, and has not been entirely without his own White House dreams. As was to be expected his acceptance started up the old talk about dear old Mr. Mellon being all tired out, ready to resign and give way to a younger and more vigorous man—to wit, Mr. Mills. Personally I shall believe that Mr. Mellon is going to resign when he does resign and not before. He seems to me to be having in his quiet, frightened way much the best time he ever had in his life. There is about as much chance of his resigning as there is of the noble Wilbur resigning—and less reason. It is rather amusing when you think of it that these two old gentlemen in the Cabinet—Mr. Mellon and Mr. Kellogg—both over seventy, who every one of the wise boys predicted would serve a year and then retire, should give every indication of holding on until the last bell rings—utterly regardless of the various more or less distinguished Republicans who every time one or the other of them is reported indisposed, says earnestly to himself, "I do hope it is nothing trivial."

I made up my mind the other day when this silly session of Congress opened not to write anything much about the so-called "lame ducks" in the Senate. What's the use of piling it on? It's hard enough for them as it is. How they do hate to let go. It isn't kind to point to them as cripples or gloat over their passing. The only reason, therefore, that I here refer to the pious Senator George Wharton Pepper is not to gloat, but to rejoice over the rumor that floats through the Capitol corridors concerning this godly man whom an unappreciative people tossed up on the political beach. It is to the effect that the very next vacancy on the Supreme Bench will provide an appointment for him. I am told that Mr. Coolidge, already approached on the subject, has given a cautious acquiescence —not the kind from which he could not speedily withdraw if it seemed expedient, but definite enough to be genuinely encouraging. It does not mean anything, but I am for it. Looking at Mr. Pepper these days, seeing that stricken look in his honest eyes, listening to that hurt note in his voice, gazing upon that pained expression that seems since last April to have become part of his face, my conscience smites me when I think that I, too, joined in throwing stones at this noble man. I want something nice to happen to him again. Put him on the Supreme Court. Let him again exude sweetness, radiate once more with self-satisfaction, sanctify again his surroundings. Let Mr. Taft suffer some if he must. He has had it pretty soft for a long time now.

The present session of Congress has, it is true, run only a few days as this is written, but enough to convince most anyone who gives it thought that in the matter of sheer futility it will probably hang up a new record. Nobody expects any tax legislation. Nobody expects any farm legislation. Nobody expects any coal legislation. Nobody expects any railroad consolidation legislation. About all those who know best the workings of these short sessions expect is the confirmation of some thousand and more Executive appointments, the rejection of a score and more, and the enactment of the big appropriation bills. If all of these get through we shall have no extra session, but it is not certain that they will. There are some Senators—and not

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Democratic Senators, either—ready at this time to swear they will not. The Presidential message and the White House breakfasts have made it plain that there will be just about the same amount of Executive leadership this time as there was before, which means none at all. Butler, the Bosom Friend, is missing and poor trusting Senator Fess of Ohio, who aspired to succeed him as the particular and personal Presidential mouthpiece in the Senate, was coldly and publicly repudiated by the White House in a most humiliating manner. My idea is that this was the work of Senator Curtis, who, having suffered last session with Senator Butler, made up his mind not to go through the same thing again with—of all people—Fess. Accordingly, so I am told, he insisted upon the public canning of the Ohio Senator before things got under way.

As for the Democrats, all I can say at this time is that they—or most of them—under the scintillating leadership of Senator Robinson, are preparing to line up for the Haugen bill, which is based on principles wholly at variance with those of the Democratic party. But, as Ring Lardner well says, what of it?

Washington. T. R. B.

The Prince and the Pirate

The Pirates of Penzance, by Gilbert and Sullivan. Plymouth Theatre, December 6, 1926.

The Strange Prince, by Maurice Cass. From Dostoyevsky's Idiot. Booth Theatre, December 7, 1926.

ABOUT Gilbert and Sullivan there can be little to say that has not been said a thousand times. But I may add that for me every time I see one of their works the conviction grows that theirs is the most abundant and racial thing in the English theatre since Shakespeare. I am wondering, too, how far I may go with conclusions drawn from the fact of so much sentiment shyly covered up with jesting, so much taste for prettiness and even beauty hurried over and smiled at before it arrives almost, so much male tumbling about like big uncles and brothers playing with children at Christmas, and that clear, charming gift for melody and single lines in music—how far is it all racial and how far might our theatre go and have gone? Ah, well—

Of Mr. Winthrop Ames's second venture in the direction of a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory we may say that The Pirates of Penzance is five times as well done as Iolanthe was. The orchestra, now under Mr. Sepp Morscher, is in the first place much better in every way, more in the rhythm and more sympathetic. The instruments still need bringing up, but that can come with repetition. Mr. John Barclay, Mr. William Williams and Miss Vera Ross remain from the Iolanthe company and are still most agreeable in their rôles. Mr. Ernest Lawford, who was the chancellor, is now the major-general, unfortunately. He looks the part delightfully, but he is not only unable to sing but has no sense of rhythm, when to come in or how to keep going, and so cuts down very lamentably the musical sum of the piece. A newcomer, Miss Ruth Thomas, has a lovely light voice, better in the pure singing than in the declamatory parts. The chorus is remarkably well chosen and as well directed. The décor is very happy and charming.

What Is a Play?

At the Booth Theatre a series of matinées has begun with a dramatization by Mr. Maurice Cass of Dostoyevsky's Idiot, or rather a play based on the novel. Of the venture not much can be said. Money and time have been wasted over foolish realistic settings that get nowhere with the play in hand. The rôle of Prince Myshkin, so well done by Mr. Reginald Pole three seasons ago, is now essayed by a new English actor, Mr. Rex O'Malley, who makes him out a sort of simple Servant in the House, and presents besides too much the effect of a young man, capable of a mysticism that is only adolescent simplicity of mind, who wanders through the most passionate and tragic interludes in other people's lives talking about doing good and how much there is to do in Russia. Miss Adele Klaer, in a most unequal and sometimes painfully forced performance, has moments when we get a real sense of torment, of a wrecked soul, of a curious, tortured beauty. Miss Joanna Roos shows, as she has done before, a distinct talent within a realistic method, for rapid transitions and range in emotions.

The truth is that only a very great genius could hope to write a play in which the sections from Dostoyevsky that we see at the Booth could be carried. As this play stands, the texture is by no means rich enough to support the terrific motives and the half barbaric splendor and madness of feeling that are injected into it. The result is that we are constantly annoyed with a conviction that the playwright is trying to force into a play of a certain sort, curtains, continuity, climaxes and all, this magnificent substance that will not go into that sort of play. In sum the playwright labors under the notion that a play has to be done a certain way. Which brings us to the question of what is a play—the kindest direction that the present discussion may take.

It is interesting, but it's not a play of course; everyone has heard that said by persons who prefer a picture of themselves as talking sense about art. It is the sort of thing that has been said always and always will be in every art. It was said about Shaw when he began, about Chekhov, Brieux and many another dramatist.

When people say this they usually imply one thing: that there is some way in which a play to be a play must be written. They assume some sort of pattern or formula on which a play to be a play must be built.

The hole in the argument appears at once. Who is to say what the formula, the standard, is to be? Plainly the ways of writing a play have changed, Chekhov is not like Sophocles, but both wrote plays. Every time a new dramatic form appears in the theatre we shall be talking again of what a play must be. Who will decide? We get nowhere. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Which means that it is a pudding so far as it goes down pleasantly and nourishes us. So with a play. A play is a piece of literature about a section of life written in such a way that it will go over the footlights, in such a way that what it has to say it can say in the theatre. That is the sole

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test. If it can do this it is a play, a good play perhaps, a bad play perhaps, but a play.

A play is a play in so far as the idea, the content, of it gets said in theatre terms. What the terms of this art of the theatre are everyone more or less knows. They imply the theatre's space conditions, the optique du théâtre, the distance that words must carry, the relations of the persons on the stage to each other and the visual rhythms that they establish; the medium of the voice; the medium of the living players; the response of the audience, and so on. There is no necessity but this for a play to meet, that in these terms it should find for its content a form by which it comes alive.

A picture of the burial of Condé may move us greatly through the story that it reminds us of, and yet be a wretched affair because none of the greatness has been expressed in painting. A great idea may be attached to a play that is poor because none of the idea has achieved a theatrical body. A play may be poor because the idea, though expressed in theatrical terms, is poor. But there is no way to write a play, no standard and no formula. If it were so the future of art would be hopeless, since its whole process consists in the birth of new bodies for souls that inform them and that they express.

A professor of sociology no doubt could write a sentence of ten lines that would make actors despair if they tried to speak them on the stage and audiences fall asleep. But Bernard Shaw can write a sociological sentence of twenty lines that is all theatre. Rules of length or brevity have nothing to do with the case; the progression of the stages in the thought, the vibrancy of the rhythm, the click of point against point, the heightening in the tone, it is by such qualities as these that Shaw gives his idea a theatrical body. The question as to whether a play is a play or not rests—as the question in every art does—on one fundamental point: the relation of the content to the medium.

STARK YOUNG.

Three Representative Americans

EVEN after the hurricane, the town looked dangerous. I was caught up into its ever-ascending spiral of excitement at once; I flatter myself that I had reassumed its dialect within an hour of landing. I stopped saying "'s a matter of fact" and "'more do I"; automatically I came back to "absolutely" and "I should say not." And immediately the taxi-drivers began to talk to me.

It was always the traffic which provided the conversational opening while refusing all others. On that first hot September afternoon Seventh Avenue was almost unbelievably itself; broad, rough, blazing, clangorous with trucks and taxicabs. My driver was the perfect amiable gunman; his narrow ophidian head and small bright eyes were both benevolent and wicked. A Lucky Strike depended nonchalantly from his lower lip without in the least limiting his powers of self-expression.

"The traffic's terrible," he said. "They'll have to do something. Worse'n last year. Only thing I see is, an elevated bridge or something."

"Worse than last spring," I agreed with him, "worse than Paris; much worse than London." I wanted to tell him about the hurricane; at that time I was telling everyone.

"Just got back, have you?" he said. "Well, it's something terrible; even the Bronx is getting terrible. These foreigners moving up there; it's getting terrible. Still, I couldn't live nowhere else; I come from Canada, but I can't make a living in Canada like I can in New York. It's the only place to live, but it's getting terrible. I got a brother who lives in Edinburgh, Scotland; that ain't no place to make a living. My wife and I, we wouldn't live nowhere but New York. Say you been in London?"

"Yes," I said, "more or less, this summer. I was in a hurricane coming back; the Florida hurricane . . ."

"My wife comes from London," he said, "Southend, that is; it's the same thing, I guess. She was real fond of it, but she wouldn't live nowhere but New York. Still, the Bronx is getting terrible with these foreigners."

"I know," I said. "I was in a hurricane coming back from England, but the Bronx is getting terrible."

The next taxi-driver looked a little like Mr. Robert Benchley; his expression was mild and wistful, and he was smoking a cigar. His cab stood before one of the vast pink-and-white apartment houses on lower Fifth Avenue; I was glad to see that it was a clean new car, because I was wearing my best clothes that morning.

"Belmont Grill," I said clearly.

"Pardon?" he replied, removing the cigar from his sensitive and wistful mouth.

"Belmont Grill; Belmont Hotel," I repeated, preparing to powder my nose; I had dressed in a hurry, having suddenly remembered a luncheon engagement with a rising young publisher.

"Where's that?" he asked. "I've never heard of the Belmont Hotel. Is it on West Forty-second Street?"

"No," I said rather shortly. "Why should it be? It's on Forty-second Street, opposite the Grand Central. It is a perfectly well known place."

"I've never heard of it," he told me sadly. "We don't get much hotel trade in this part of town; very little. It's all the apartment trade, down here. We don't get uptown very much, not to the hotels."

"All right," I said, perhaps rather unsympathetically. "Go up Fourth. It's all right."

He drove for half a dozen blocks, then turned and transfixed me with large and melancholy eyes.

"You see the reason I'd never heard of that hotel," he said, "is that we don't get uptown much from those apartment houses, at least not to the hotels. Not much; not to the hotels. The hotels have their regular taxis; you wouldn't want to pay the price those hotel taxis charge, Miss."

"No," I said, "I suppose not, but that's all right, you know."

"Yes," he said dubiously, "but you might think it was kind of funny, me not knowing where that hotel was. I just wanted to explain that we don't get much hotel trade from those downtown apartment houses."

"Of course," I assured him, "I quite understand; don't worry about it."

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He was silent for a few minutes as we fought our way up the crowded slope of Fourth Avenue; his cigar appeared to afford him a certain comfort. Finally he turned to me again with a sigh.

"I don't think you'd be satisfied with one of those taxis," he said. "They charge terrible prices; not the regular tariff like we do. Those hotels have their own taxis; we don't get much hotel trade in our part of town. That's the reason I never heard of that hotel; you see we get mostly the apartment house trade."

"I see," I said. "Please don't be unhappy about it. There's the Belmont at the corner of Park Avenue and Forty-second Street, on the left-hand side."

"You mean the red building," he said. "That's the corner of Forty-first."

"No, I don't," I said. "I mean the gray building on the corner of Forty-second." The frosty shape of the Belmont was very visible in the blue October air. "You can let me out on the other side of the street if you like. I'm in a hurry, and you'd have to turn."

"I can turn into Forty-first Street, if it's that red building on the left," he began, but I was forced to cut him short. The clock on the station told me that I was twenty minutes late for lunch, and I had forgotten to powder my nose after all.

"But it's the gray building; I'm sorry, but truly it is," I said, pressing a clean dollar bill into his hand. "Goodbye; I'm so sorry, but I really must go."

"Well, the only reason I didn't know where that hotel was, you see, was because we don't get much of this uptown hotel trade down around Washington Square . . . " he was saying as I left him; I knew, as I dived into the shining welter of traffic, that I had wounded his feelings by my going. I wished that I had a moment in which to explain to him that I wouldn't take one of these hotel taxis back to Ninth Street.

"Fifty Central Park West," I said to the third taxi-driver one cold November evening, emerging from Marta's in my new Poiret cloak. I was dining that night with a well known novelist; the party was completely feminine, and William was not invited. He had very sweetly asked me to drink a cocktail with him while he ate his antipasto.

Mr. Dunn who drove the taxi thought I had but just escaped from a haunt of vice. He looked at my golden cloak with distinct anxiety; it had the glitter of the wages of sin.

"The traffic's terrible," he said to me when we turned into Sixth Avenue. He was a person of about my own age, with a pleasant round face, and both his voice and his eyes were Irish.

"It is," I agreed. "Do you think they'll have to build an elevated bridge, perhaps?"

"Tunnels, more likely, but it's worse every year and God alone knows what they'll do about it," he told me rather fiercely. "I have been twenty-five years in this town and every year I've been thinking it couldn't go on, not with the traffic like this. I come here when I was a little boy, and things is going from bad to worse every year I live."

"Did you come from Ireland?" I asked, to cheer him up; I knew quite well that he had.

"I did that, from Tipperary," he said more hopefully; I refrained from remarking that it was a long way.

"The Irish are a good people, not like these Italians," he went on, and I saw that he was still worrying about my golden cloak and the haunts of vice. I wished I could have shown him William eating ravioli at Marta's at that very moment.

"You can't trust them Italians, not really trust 'em," he said, wagging his head portentously. "The Irish are different; they're hospitable, but you can trust 'em all the same. Now you'd never know when them Italians would get nasty." I suppose he thought I had just been deceived by a dashing Neapolitan, and instead of that I had drunk one small bacardi cocktail with my own husband.

"The Irish are a fine people," he said. "There's no hospitality like the Irish hospitality, and yet you can trust 'em. They have their religion, and while they're fond of a bit of gaiety they're great poets, some of 'em. The Irish have the greatest poets in the world."

"I know," I said. "Yeats and A. E. and James Stephens and Padraic Colum. I know Padraic Colum; he's a friend of mine. He lives in Connecticut."

"Does he now?" said Mr. Dunn. "He's a great poet, to be sure. But you should go to Ireland; there's nothing like the real Irish hospitality. Have you never been to Ireland at all?"

"No," I said. "Never. Isn't it a pity?"

"It's a terrible pity," he agreed. "There's no place like Ireland, and no one like the Irish for hospitality. Not like them Italians now . . . you can't trust them Italians."

"No," I said, "I suppose not; I wouldn't dream of trusting them."

"No," he said, "that's right; it wouldn't do to trust 'em. And have you no Irish blood at all yourself, then?"

"A little," I admitted, as we drew up at the portals of Fifty Central Park West.

"God be praised for that," he told me piously, as I overtipped him. I drew my golden cloak about me and disappeared between the gates of wreathed and foliated bronze into the marble halls beyond. In my own mind and my own manner, I was really praising God.

ELINOR WYLIE.

Magnified Impotence

WHEN a comic history of American architecture comes to be written many of our new skyscrapers will have a prominent place. Their windy grandeur will be put alongside the solemn rococo of our Gilded Age mansions, the artful ruralism of country cottages thatched with bent shingles, and the awkward splendor of French chateaux in the midst of the Berkshires. The new Paramount Building in New York is an excellent specimen for these pages: the posters describe it as the greatest palace that shadows have built: but it is in fact the greatest shadow that shadows have built. Its exterior is a façade that no one can see: its interior is the reminiscence of a grandiose nightmare that might follow a rather arduous day of sightseeing in Paris.

The setback skyscraper is rapidly turning out to be the

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great booby prize in American architecture; and by now it has become pretty plain that building ordinances and ideal schemes by Mr. Hugh Ferriss cannot take the place of a genuine æsthetic command over the materials, structure, and site. New York possesses a handful of remarkable skyscrapers; and a few of these, like the Radiator Building and the American Telephone Building, can be seen; beyond this handful, the less said about the æsthetic triumphs of the skyscraper the better: for one even soundly designed office building I am prepared to show a dozen more competent and interesting schools, factories and other low buildings. The people who see our architectural salvation in the skyscraper know very little, I suspect, about either architecture or salvation.

The new Paramount Building is no better or worse than a dozen other great structures which now shadow our streets; so that an examination of its comic faux pas need not be taken invidiously. If it becomes the butt of this parable, it is only because the building has singled itself out from the undistinguished mass by the great blather of boasting and congratulation that has attended its completion: pullets cackle quite as loudly, without laying an egg. In the Paramount Building one finds not the faintest departure from a thoroughly low standard in design; it is, indeed, a compact summary of all the prevailing faults in skyscraper building and in American decoration. Like many tall buildings, it has one point of undisputed distinction: it is a tall building. If bulk alone makes architecture, the Paramount is beautiful: if cubic capacity is an indication of æsthetic success, the Paramount building is a success.

This skyscraper exhibits that "swaggering in specious dimensions" which Spengler regards as the sign of cultural impotence: how specious these dimensions are one gathers best from a vantage-point on the sidewalk level; the setbacks give no sense from the bottom of either height or depth. The whole structure was conceived in two dimensions: the one satisfactory view of it comes at a distance of twenty stories above the street, and three blocks away, immediately facing the front elevation. Now curiously, the Paramount site has a unique possibility: for the side of the building is on the axis of Broadway, for a distance of at least half a mile: unlike most of our buildings on gridiron streets, it can be approached. This unique possibility was completely forgotten; more than that, it was absurdly misused, with the result that the upper stories rise against the sky, above Broadway, with the immense solidity of a slab of chewing gum.

Now, even a two dimensional façade may have some redeeming features; but I have looked again and again at the Paramount Building without discovering them. The dull buff bricks, the slight stone relief, have not even the distinction of interesting color or texture: compared with an out and out office building, like the new French Building on Forty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue—a building that makes a brave, if not always successful, effort at color —the great palace of amusements wears a distinctly funereal air. Except for the blankness of the side walls, the clumsy marquee at the corner, and the high opening above the marquee, glittering in the evening with a hint of inner splendor, there is no indication whatever that this building is supposed to be a perfect home for the newest and most native form of art, or that it houses, among other things, an immense theatre.

The "hint of splendor" brings one to the theatre itself; it lures one into an atmosphere of glare and glitter and bounce and style—as "style" is conceived by people who find in the more vulgar aspects of the eighteenth century the mirror of their inmost hopes and desires. Mr. Albee set a pattern for this kind of decoration in his huge Brooklyn vaudeville palace: the Paramount has reproduced the lofty ceilings, the vast lounges, the carpets of such heavy ply that one is tempted to walk barefoot; and it has gone Mr. Albee one better in that, while his Brooklyn theatre has reproductions of favorite Louvre postcard pictures, in the Paramount there are, if I am not mistaken, some first-hand Academy masterpieces, which harmonize in every way with the decorative effect. Great columns of almost marble: small panels of almost art: infinite lengths of carpet—these things excite the popular Ahs! and Ohs! It is the grandeur of a Flatbush sunparlor, enlarged a thousand diameters.

But people want magnificence and glitter, too? I do not object, even to the glitter. What is wrong about the decorations in the Paramount Theatre is that this is, so to speak, such dull glitter. In Los Angeles there is a much more riotously vulgar movie theatre, vastly glittering, too: but the effects have not been achieved through tedious decorative clichés, and with all its sentimentality, the western theatre has also a little of the life and inevitable modernity of the movie—a trivial and sentimental art, no doubt, at present, but not without an occasional gleam of æsthetic aptitude, or at worst, comic relief. There was no glimmer in the designer's mind, apparently, that a place of amusement could be handled in an amusing way. The decoration was achieved by formula: standard sample number so-and-so: so many dozen crystals, so many pounds of gilt, all according to specifications for sumptuousness, luxury, beauty, grandeur, warranted not to fail—see Mr. Albee.

Ah! these decorations will not fail. To a generation thoroughly schooled in "art appreciation" by the art museum, the school, the woman's club, the Sunday supplement, the style of the Paramount decorations will seem a true and beautiful thing: they will remember Versailles and the Hall of Mirrors, they will think of the Opera House in Paris—so near to the American Express Company—they will think of the Louvre itself, perhaps, and feel that America is a very wonderful place. Is there any elegance or beauty that we cannot have, now that we can so eminently pay for it? I believe that a fine and modern scheme of decoration might have caused appreciative gasps, too, if the money spent on it were well advertised in advance: but that would have demanded a little talent in the architect's office—and besides, it would have wasted hours and hours of certified art appreciation. The Paramount directors have in fact performed a service by providing this particular historical brand of magnificence. It remains for them to perform one more public benefit. They should borrow the Stuart Collection at the Public Library on permanent loan, and give these pictures the sort of setting they need.

I have kept comment on the auditorium to the last; for there the failure is partly the result of misplaced grandi-

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osity, the habit of conceiving everything in a big way, whether the bigness be appropriate, as in a mountain, or a little inept, as in a wart at the end of one's nose. A vast and towering proscenium arch is flanked by two narrower panels, inset with indirect lights: at the bottom of this enormous pile of space, smothered by both the height above it and by the accentuation of the height in inept curtains, is the screen itself, completely dwarfed and diminished, its own effect frustrated by both the division of space and the adjacent decorations. What couldn't a modern artist with a cubist background do with such an opportunity? What a chance to play with contrasting planes, cross lights, and mobile spots of color, without any superficial decorative relief to spoil the strong effect of light itself. Modern art, the art of Bracque, Leger, Kandinsky, Man Ray, Stieglitz, has been a series of laboratory researches toward the understanding of such problems. Here was a place to apply a little of this new knowledge and taste!

The possibilities of modern art never occurred to the designers of the Paramount. On the contrary, their structure shows a complete paralysis of the imagination: it is dead in conception: it is dead in detail: its grandeur is feeble: it is the illusion of a great building. But I must not end this criticism on a carping note: the ventilation is excellent: the lavatories are well placed and of standard design: the internal traffic problems are ably handled. Let us take what creature comfort we can in these things. Brain: be silent! Eye: be still!

LEWIS MUMFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Aiken Lynching

SIR: We are appreciative of the New Republic's recent editorial utterances on lynching, particularly the editorial comment on the investigation of the Aiken, S. C., lynching conducted by the New York World. There is a slight omission in your editorial which, I am sure, you will wish to correct. The World has, as you say, been carrying on a most courageous and effective campaign of publicity but not a "single-handed" campaign. For the first investigator on the scene of the Aiken lynching was Walter White, Assistant Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who was sent there by this Association and who gave the World the facts which brought about the sending of Mr. Garrett to South Carolina. The investigation of the Aiken lynching by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People resulting in the brilliant series of articles in the World is part of our seventeen-year campaign against this evil. The Aiken atrocity offers an excellent example of the lynching spirit at its worst.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON,
Secretary, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

New York, N. Y.

The Story of Philosophy Again

SIR: It seems plain that the open season on Mr. Durant's Story of Philosophy still obtains. Even your chaste interior pages continue to disparage it, presumably upon expert professional advice, although on the back cover you think better of it.

But I do not direct my fire particularly at you, but at the whole chorus of professional disapprobation which finds echoes wherever a reviewer's column succeeds in smoking out some of the epistemological cenobites. It is familiar enough. It surges for every Outline that comes off the press. It is the natural resentment and bewilderment of the painstaking mechanic when some wizard comes along and breathes incalculable life into the cadaver which he has been sombrely dissecting.

This time the fault is profounder, because the subject is. Those who derogate Durant's Story of Philosophy are those who would regard philosophy as a minor technical trickery like mathematics or tatting, instead of all the intelligence and passion of life. The reason of this preference is not so recondite as one may imagine at first blush. It is only that if philosophy is an intricate and laborious little trade among other trades, it may be successfully and respectably cultivated by any dolt that cares to take the trouble; whereas if it is imagination and poetry, faith and reality, the whole adventure of man's heart and mind, then only geniuses can be philosophers, and there must be a woeful house-cleaning adown the buzzard roosts of Academia!

Mr. Durant may never, as a matter of fact, loom a stupendous figure through the perspective of the ages; but he is being detracted precisely because he is nearer to philosophic bigness than are his detractors. It is natural that his identification of Philosophy with the Love of Wisdom, with sympathy and humor, causes commotion among the impoverished souls whose tenure depends on the popularity of the assumption that the true scope of Philosophy is memorizing the valid figures of the syllogism, or excogitating the categories.

It is persons of the temperament of Mr. Durant—who is interested in life, who knows life, and who knows the spirit of philosophy sufficiently well to aver repeatedly that "All philosophers agree"—that may rescue man's only important business, the business of thought, from the universal disrepute into which it falls as the result of the quarrelsome trivialities of the little dialecticians. It is these chore-boys, each jealously engrossed in his metaphysical stint, who have contrived to see nothing but the minutiæ of disagreement, and these everywhere, so that the opinion reigns that philosophy is petty, and that every philosopher contradicts every other philosopher, anyhow, so they must all be wrong from alpha to omega.

They don't, and they aren't. And Durant's ebullient pages are almost the first to divulge this holy secret!

DONALD CARY WILLIAMS.

Berkeley, Calif.

Christmas for Political Prisoners

SIR: Will you be good enough to help us this year, as in the past, by spreading our appeal for Christmas funds? We want this money so that once more cash gifts may be made to our fellow workers in prison. Thus we can show to them that they are not forgotten, that we esteem their courage and fortitude.

At Christmas money is especially welcomed by these imprisoned; for at that time they are given permission to buy towels, candy and other comforts ordinarily forbidden them.

In past years we have been able, through the generous contributions of friends, to send $25 to each prisoner; we are eager to do as well this year.

There are fifty-two prisoners to be remembered. These include thirty-nine members of the Industrial Workers of the World—the eight Centralia victims, three fellow-workers imprisoned in Washington state under the criminal syndicalism law; twenty-five others serving sentence in California on syndicalism charges, which means simply that they held membership in the I. W. W., a legal organization everywhere else; Mooney and Billings, Sacco and Vanzetti, and others. We also must remember the children who were scalded in the raid on the San Pedro hall in 1924—and the families of these class war prisoners.

Each contribution will be acknowledged with a numbered receipt. Address, General Defense Committee, 113 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

PEO MONOLDI,
Secretary, New York Branch.

New York, N. Y.

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Jane Austen and George Eliot

The Letters of Jane Austen, selected with an introduction by R. Brimley Johnson. New York: The Dial Press. 190 pages. $2.50.

The Letters of George Eliot, selected with an introduction by R. Brimley Johnson. New York: The Dial Press. 219 pages. $2.50.

MR. BRIMLEY JOHNSON has already rescued Hannah More and Mary Mitford from the limbo of the nineteenth century attic by means of a judicious selection from their correspondence. In the letters of Jane Austen and George Eliot he finds something more than curios or period stuff. These two ladies are the chief women novelists of the century; the novel more directly than other forms of prose literature is accustomed to spring from the experience of the writer; and both Jane Austen and George Eliot set forth their experience with unusual frankness in their letters. Accordingly the presentation of the novelist's background in both cases is a contribution to literary history.

Perhaps the explicitness of the record in both cases may be accounted for by the presence of that invaluable support of the heroine, the confidante. More than half the letters of Jane Austen in the present volume, those chosen from Lord Brabourne's edition, are addressed to her sister Cassandra. And Cassandra was Jane's alter ego, her double self. It is clear enough that the two girls reënforced each other's enjoyment of the little eighteenth century provincial world about them, as the Brontë sisters relieved for one another the tedium of life on the Yorkshire moors. They were natural collaborators, never more fruitfully so than when Cassandra was the audience. The letters which Jane wrote for her appreciative eye reveal the stuff out of which the novels were made, and sound the identical note. Here for example is the world of Elizabeth Bennet or Emma Woodhouse and their cheerful appraisal of it: "Tell Mary that I make over Mr. Heartley and all his estate to her for her sole use and benefit in future, and not only him, but all my other admirers into the bargain wherever she can find them, even the kiss which C. Powlett wanted to give me, as I mean to confine myself in future to Mr. Tom Lefroy, for whom I don't care sixpence." The more cynical turn in her humor appears in her note: "Mrs. Hall, of Sherborne, was brought to bed yesterday of a dead child, some weeks before she expected, owing to a fright. I suppose she happened unawares to look at her husband."

There is one interest in the foreground of Jane Austen's novels, that of mating; and one in the background, that of offspring. That the right people should be brought together with the object of matrimony is the meaning of all the machinery of her tales, the dances, the journeys, the visits. And the natural result of this process was the reproduction of similar people to continue it. Miss Austen was no sociologist, but her constant theme was the preservation of society. Among her characters in nearly every novel appear intelligent people of good will who forward and direct the process of sexual selection—the Gardiners in Pride and Prejudice, or the Allens in Northanger Abbey—and her villains are invariably the rash and selfish who thrust themselves as obstacles in the way of the marriage of true minds. The earlier features of matchmaking Jane Austen contemplated with zest—the later results of childbearing with a detachment which to some will seem to conceal a certain wistfulness. "Mary does not manage matters in such a way as to make me want to lay in myself," she writes. "She is not tidy enough in her appearance, she has no dressing gown to sit up in; her curtains are all too thin, and things are not in that comfort and style about her which are necessary to make such a situation an enviable one." But if Jane Austen carried a wounded heart to the grave, she found a compensation in the spectacle of life, even the trivial commonplace life about her. Her philosophy was that of Mr. Bennet: "For what do we live but to make sport for our neighbors and to laugh at them in our turn." She was ignorant of the great number of kindred spirits in future generations whom her unpretending novels would bring to laugh with her, but she practiced her art in the intimate consciousness of one.

Marian Evans, like Jane Austen, was brought up in the provinces but with this fact all resemblance ceases. By the middle of the nineteenth century even the sleeping world of Middlemarch, in which Jane Austen passed her life, was waking up. The movement of science, the intellectual life, drew George Eliot from country to London and to the Continent. It is noteworthy, however, that for all of her work which is in any sense creative she fell back on the experience of her girlhood in Warwickshire. When that material was exhausted she found nothing in her laborious culture and scholarship to take its place.

Mr. Johnson finds that Jane Austen "contrived to escape the tyrannies of convention without protesting against them." George Eliot made her escape by way of open defiance. But it is by no means certain that in the long run she was the freer spirit. Her break with social ordinance by living with Lewes, at a time when clerical opponents of enlightenment were asserting volubly that the inevitable consequence of loss of faith in God and immortality would be the breakdown of morality, put a responsibility on her which she never threw off. It cannot be doubted that the high seriousness of her later life and work was of immense importance in destroying the superstition that morality depends on religious sanctions.

George Eliot's letters, selected by Mr. Johnson from Cross's Life, are written to serious people like herself. Particularly in her youth she found in her aunt Miss Lewis, and her friend Sara Hennell the kindred spirits indispensable to correspondence. Miss Lewis was a Methodist, Miss Hennell a rationalist, but letters to both are in the same tone. The first letter in the volume to Miss Lewis, written at the age of nineteen, repudiates the interest which was Jane Austen's central theme. "For my part," she writes, "when I hear of the marrying and giving in marriage that is constantly being transacted, I can only sigh for those who are multiplying earthly ties which, though powerful enough to detach their hearts and thoughts from heaven, are so brittle as to be liable to be snapped asunder at every breeze." George Eliot was a revolutionist in the intellectual sphere. "The 'highest calling and election' is to *do without opium,*" she writes, with an echo of Carlyle, "and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance." To live without the opium of Christian consolation, and yet to maintain conduct at the level attained by the saints, was her mission. It is true she never made the problem of the ethical life in a time of declining faith the theme of a novel. "I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with Freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines," she writes in 1862. All her typical heroines, Dinah Morris, Maggie Tulliver, Romola, Dorothea Brooke are Christians,

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and shadows of her own soul, anima naturaliter Christiana. Nevertheless her novels are all profoundly reflective of the intellectual life of the day, which for such a soul represented tragedy.

George Eliot's novels have not worn well. With their ponderous façades they suffer by comparison with the less pretentious edifices of Jane Austen. And there is no doubt that the latter, in her naïve unconsciousness, reached more often the permanent, enduring elements of human experience than the mighty woman priest. Yet George Eliot's service to the English novel was great. Sir Edmund Gosse tells of being on the Board of the London Library with Herbert Spencer, who vigorously fought the proposal to include novels—"Except, of course, the novels of George Eliot." In that exception many of her successors have been blessed, for George Eliot raised the structure and standing of the novel to a height beyond anything which preceding fiction had enjoyed, and gave it intellectual character that declared it a serious form of literature, as representative of its age as epic or drama or essay in earlier ages. Doubtless it was necessary to the English imagination that this seriousness should first manifest itself in the ethical rather than the artistic sphere. That George Eliot was not serious as an artist in the sense in which she was as a moralist is evident from her letters. She seldom discusses questions of art, though it must be pointed out that Mr. Johnson has omitted the letter, most important in this connection, to Frederic Harrison, in which she speaks of "the severe effort of trying to make certain ideas thoroughly incarnate, as if they had revealed themselves to me first in the flesh and not in the spirit"; and "the sort of agonizing labor to an English-fed imagination to make out a sufficiently real background for the desired picture—to get breathing, individual forms, and group them in the needful relations, so that the presentation will lay hold on the emotions as human experience—will, as you say, flash conviction on the world by means of aroused sympathy."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Warfare in Man and among Men

The Sun Also Rises, by Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Early Autumn: A Story of a Lady, by Louis Bromfield. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

A Man Could Stand Up—, by Ford Madox Ford. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

TO anyone with an eye on what was coming, Ernest Hemingway's short stories in the volume, In Our Time, were the most stirring pages of imaginative prose by an American which appeared last year. This man was molding an idiom of his own to express his own way of feeling and seeing. Now comes his first novel, The Sun Also Rises, and it is clear that the shorter tales were merely a preparation. No one need be afraid any more that Hemingway's power is going to be limited to episodes. He has shown that he can not only state a theme, but develop it.

His approach to his job is so direct that it appears casual. Any café or hotel room will do him for a setting. He drops his characters in and lets them live. He does not explain them, as a less complete artist would. He does not label their motives with generalizations of love, hate, ambition. He watches their behavior. Seen from without, his people act in hard, direct ways; from within it is plain there is no direction whatever. They are stumbling through life like a man lost in a forest: attracted to this side by what appears to be a clearing, repelled when the clearing is found to be a marsh.

The essential characteristic of our time is that it is a period without a generalization. Without a mythology, if you prefer: we have inherited a hundred mythologies, and our minds flutter among them, finding satisfaction in none. The distress we are all acutely aware of comes from our failure to realize this fact emotionally. Intellectually we have cut down these frameworks into which our predecessors fitted experience. But we have received new information too fast to digest it. We have not yet reached the full realization that these familiar frameworks are gone from our minds; in practice we cling to their shadows and are hurt when they fail to support us. Until we are emotionally convinced that the old values are gone, we shall not begin to lay down our own generalizations. We have reached the stage—familiar in the history of cultures—where we must pass through Ecclesiastes before writing our Revelations. All contemporary art that is vital, that has its roots in our immediate problem, must seem destructive. It is concerned in realizing this desperate purposelessness by objectifying it.

The Sun Also Rises is one stride toward that objectification. The clear boundaries which were formerly assumed to define motives are gone. Very well: Hemingway will not try to make use of them, and will admit in his vocabulary only words which he himself has found solid. By this courageous self-denial—the mark of every genuine originality—he has achieved a style as close to his thought as the bone of which the skeleton is made is close to the skeleton; and firm with the firmness of packed sand and running water. The effect of this accuracy is a great gain in intensity. Between the lines of the hard-boiled narrative quivers an awareness of the unworded, half-grasped incomprehensibles of life.

The reader finds the characters of The Sun Also Rises gathered in Paris: an American newspaper correspondent; a Greek Count, with business experience in the Middle West; Cohn, who had graduated from Princeton and written a book; an English bankrupt; and Brett, who was the pivot of the group. Brett was a young Englishwoman, who was getting a divorce from a man she had never loved, to marry another whom she did not love, either. The development of their relations is seen through the eyes of the newspaper correspondent, who had been rendered impotent by a wound received in the War—a brutally efficient symbol of "a lost generation." It was he whom Brett loved and who loved Brett. From Paris the group migrates to the Pyrenees and shares in a week's fiesta in a Spanish town. The peak of the fiesta is the bull fights; and Hemingway gives here the only account in English of a bull fight known to this reviewer, in which the emphasis is laid not on cruelty, but on the steely beauty of skill, the perfection of workmanship in the face of danger. A bull fight becomes a hard, beautiful dance, where an awkwardness means death. Amid the rioting of the fiesta and the clear, breath-taking scenes in the bull ring, the group of characters plays its little tragedy of futility.

Although Hemingway is objectifying the bewildered anguish of an aimless generation, he does not moon about it. His mind is masculine and imaginative. He loves all the hard, stinging experiences of the senses, he loves skill, he can laugh. He knows the intonations and obliquenesses of human speech. No other American, writing today, can

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straightforward accuracy. Bolitho can tell his story as directly as you please when such a manner suits the occasion, but he is after bigger game, and adds another dimension by skilful circlings, by luminous obscurities, by "flash-backs," by accumulation of half-imagined detail, by the frugal and almost accidental admixture of his documents with his own explanations and comments, and by preserving, at all times, the detachment of one who knows his case so intimately, forwards and backwards, that he can do violence to its chronology for the sake of achieving a more nourished total effect. Occasionally his more reflective passages make heavy reading, but I am not sure that the whole impression does not gain in weight and depth because of these ponderous sparrings for an opening.

It requires uncommon energy of imagination to bring to life scenes such as those in which Burke and Haarmann brewed their crimes, and here Bolitho has succeeded to perfection in a very difficult feat. Not only is the crime itself a lesser character, but the criminal also is subordinated to the size and color and queer sordid horror of the small rooms in which human beings became bodies, and the bodies only small pieces of flesh. In the chapter about Haarmann, not only do we penetrate, with Mr. Bolitho as guide, the horror of this room, but the secret life of a whole town at a special time in its existence. This is the high point of his achievement, the best example of a very unusual talent indeed. Murder for Profit is a book to remember, with an admiring shudder, for a long time, and a book to reread.

Mr. Pearson's Studies in Murder has an interesting, if inferior, successor in the stories grouped under the head of Murder at Smutty Nose. There is nothing in this volume that compares, either in material or treatment, with the Lizzie Borden case, and one suspects that Mr. Pearson is no longer taking his revivals from the top drawer of American crimes. Of the dozen here represented, the Murder at Smutty Nose alone is a full-length exhaustive repiecing; the others strike one as sketches or even footnotes to a large collection of contemporary newspaper clippings which we do not see. Mr. Pearson, while a painstaking narrator, with a good plain sense for what is curious or graphic, is many times further removed from his crimes than Mr. Bolitho, and makes little attempt, even when presented with data as rich as Mr. Bolitho's, to place himself as absorbedly in the midst of them. Further, he is overfond of using an arid, facile sort of irony which would be better allowed to rise of itself from his pages. Yet he deals in matter which in its nature is so enticing to the average human being that one will forgive him his defects and his incompleteness. When the most hurried newspaper accounts of crime have so much power to fascinate us, it is natural that later and more archæological writers will insufficiently digest what is so universally palatable.

Carlo Gesualdo, Murderer and Musician, promises well and provides almost nothing. Half the volume concerns a peculiarly bloody and ordinary piece of Italian vengeance; the other half, ill-related to the first if indeed related to it at all, is a minute piece of research into the murderer's musical attainments, which seem to have been no more unusual than his sanguinary craftsmanship. A dull book, a disappointing and an unnecessary one. Duller even than Canon Brooks's pedestrian anecdotes, grouped in mild essays of classification, about Noble Murderers, Child Murderers, Train Murderers, Wholesale, Sex, Political and Baffled Murderers. A method with results as interesting as if one were to divide murderers according to their weight, age, nationality and size of sock. This pedantic pigeon-holing is apparently caused by certain obscure and half-hearted sociological notions held by the author, whose diluted seriousness has uncanny power to take the edge off the crimes. Murderer in Fact and Fiction sounds, on the whole, like the best of a number of bad answers to a publisher's request for something, anything, to feed to insatiable, crime-hungry readers.

Captain Alexander Smith was a specialist in rascals and intrigues who compiled, in the early eighteenth century, this exhaustive rogue's gallery, and also various books about Cuckolds, Cuckold-Makers, Bailiffs, and the Secret Amours of the British Nobility. If obviously not entirely an accurate historian, he is an amusing romancer, with a gift for putting into his rogues' mouths speeches which are better than anything he says himself but suspiciously unlike what they would have said. Like Defoe, there is just sufficient outward expression of piety, of desire to encourage virtue by minute portrayal of crime, to suit the curious taste of his times. So long as his cut-throats and highwaymen come to a just end with a rope around their neck, there is nothing which he does not permit them to say and do during their life-time, with glee and gusto in the telling. How much Captain Smith contributes to the impression that the rogues of his day were more brutal and also much wittier than our own it would be difficult to say. Rather monotonous if read at a stretch, this collection is well worth dipping into, for one invariably comes up with a morsel of prose as neat as it is spicy.

Judge Parry's subjects are an extremely attractive lot of misfits. Few of them are downright criminals, most of them are irregular but picturesque members of society, unwilling gargoyles without which the cathedral of any civilization would be, if holier, also more bare and dull. Along with some familiar figures, such as the Tichborne pretender and Mary Evans Clarke, he presents others less known, but quite as interesting: D. D. Home, the medium, James Allan, a wandering piper, and John Nichols Tom, leader of a hopeless, mad little rebellion. Half of them would be well worth the trouble of a Strachey or a Virginia Woolf, but Judge Parry's portraits, while far from extraordinary, are lively and readable.

Panaït Istrati was discovered by Romain Rolland, who thinks he has written some things "worthy of the great Russian." This is a large order, which Panaït Istrati can leave unfilled—in our opinion—and still be an unusual and gifted vagabond. Fictional in form, Kyra Kyralina seems to be largely autobiographical in matter, for Istrati wandered, or was chased by fortune, all over the Near East. Thanks to Mr. Whitall's excellent translation, these rascally adventures have a swift, indolent charm, at once beautiful and brutal, recalling the moral climate in which grow side by side the cruel and light-hearted flowers of the Arabian lights.

Lord knows how many hundreds, thousands of people will read these books, some of which will satisfy, for others of which they will regret having walked a mile. And all the time, quite within their reach, is the greatest book about criminals and prison life ever written, in an excellent translation by Constance Garnett (Macmillan). It is The House of the Dead, by Fyodor Dostoyevsky, who was for I forget how many years locked up in a Siberian jail as a "political." What happened to him, but above all the queer and sometimes superhuman characters he was thrown with, he describes unforgettably. There is no finer rogues' gallery to be read anywhere.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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match his dialogue for its apparent naturalness, its intimacy and its concealed power of revealing emotion. Ring Lardner's in comparison sounds framed and self-conscious. For something against which to measure the use of overtones in Hemingway's talk one must go to Joyce's account of a Christmas dinner in the Portrait of the Artist or—allowing for the greater intellectual scope and intensity of Joyce's mind—to the quarrel between Leopold Bloom and the Citizen in Ulysses.

Louis Bromfield's novels are more pretentious. They deal directly and explicitly, where Hemingway is implicit, with "big issues." For this reason they will probably be popular with a wider public, which confuses subject matter with content and believes that issues can be "settled." Early Autumn is the third panel in the screen Mr. Bromfield is making of American life. He has shifted his scene from Middle Western steel mills and Paris salons to a New England town. He remains, however, preoccupied with the same theme: the effort of the individual to throw off the cramping power of family tradition and live freely. In The Green Bay Tree Lily Shane succeeded, by virtue of her catlike unreflectiveness. Ellen, in Possession, with more intellect and vitality, struggled harder and came off less well. And now, in Early Autumn, Olivia Pentland, who had come east from the immigrant strain that had pushed up Chicago overnight like a World's Fair, is slowly laced in the traditions of the family into which she has married until she is paralyzed. It is significant that Mr. Bromfield has found no way for his characters to be "free" except by wealth and escape to another continent. He has thrown no new light on the struggle of the contemporary American to reconcile his essential needs as a person—that is, to function as a complete being, which is the only kind of "freedom" possible—with the requirements of an industrialized society. Like the two preceding novels, Early Autumn has an easy gusto which is content with a secondhand prose, running into the wide grooves of phrases which have been worn thin. Mr. Bromfield uses these phrases without recharging them. The book has also the fertility of characters in broad, hard strokes of The Green Bay Tree and Possession. Although the reader misses the satisfaction of original work, this gusto and fertility make Mr. Bromfield's novels interesting to read: not to reread.

A Man Could Stand Up— is the third and next to the last volume in Ford Madox Ford's superb series of novels dealing with the War. It will be as well to admit at once that as a novel, and considered as an art form, it is less successful than the first two books. Mr. Ford had reached the point in his plan where it was necessary to show the War in the trenches. He does so brilliantly, sympathetically and convincingly; but for the first time in his series the background has not been fused into the psychological development of his characters. Throughout Some Do Not and No More Parades the reader was conscious always of the War through its effect on Christopher Tietjens. Despite the kaleidoscopic wealth of information, conflicting opinions and pictures, the focus was held steadily and clearly in this central figure. In A Man Could Stand Up— Mr. Ford perseveres technically in the same method; but the reader soon realizes that in reality Tietjens has been pushed aside, has faded into a mechanical device which is useful in describing the life in the trenches. The same is true of Valentine Wannop in the scenes of Armistice Day in London. The focus has been blurred, and the reader is asked to step aside for a moment and contemplate the War. Obviously all experience is grist to a novel, provided it can grind it into its own terms. The dimming of Tietjens in this volume is the measure of the book failure to work in its own terms.

Granting this organic weakness, however, A Man Could Stand Up— remains one of the most vivid and sensitive accounts of troops in the line. Without underscoring of detail, the effects of long suspense on taut nerves, the harking back of men's thoughts to pleasant, idle places, the quick moments of horror, are recreated with sureness a a male tenderness. Mr. Ford's flexible, allusive prose fo lows the colloquial windings of his characters' minds wi out ever becoming banal. LAWRENCE S. MORRIS

Criminals and Vagabonds

Murder for Profit, by William Bolitho. New York: Harper and Brothers. 332 pages. $2.50.

Murder at Smutty Nose, by Edmund Pearson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 330 pages. $2.

Carlo Gesualdo, Murderer and Musician, by Cecil Gray and Philip Haseltine. New York: The Dial Press. 145 pages. $3.

Murder in Fact and Fiction, by Canon J. A. R. Brooks. New York: Brentano's. 284 pages. $3.50.

A Complete History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen, Footpads, Shoplifts and Cheats of Both Sexes, by Captain Alexander Smith. Edited by Arthur L. Hayward. New York: Brentano's. 607 pages. $7.

Vagabonds All, by His Honor Judge Edward Abbott Parry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 264 pages. $5.

Kyra Kyralina, by Panaït Istrati, with an introduction by Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by James Whitall. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

CRIME is much in the air these days, and what the public does not find on the front page it can read in a great variety of books, some of them evidently manufactured to meet a growing demand, and rather hastily grown under the publisher's hothouse glass, others the slower fruit of minds which have something to say. None of them contests the supremacy in the field of crime of Jack Black's You Can't Win, with the exception of Bolitho's, which, in a very different vein, is the best of its kind I have ever read.

Bolitho chooses for his subject "mass murderers": Burke and Hare, Edinburgh body-snatchers, Jean Baptiste Troppmann, exterminator of the Kinck family, Smith, who drowned his wives in bathtubs, Landru, and Fritz Haarmann, slayer of boys and cannibal merchant of their flesh. In his account of each of these, the detective interest is slight, and the psychological is paramount. Bolitho's curiosity is so much less for the crime than for the criminal that his contribution to the literature of the subject is a novelty, and makes, I think, much better reading than the countless books, however exciting, in which the criminal and his background are lost in the unwinding of the tangle of mystery. His method, while it does not give us the thrill of pursuit and final revelation, gives us the thrill of the bloody horror itself, so thoroughly has he steeped himself in the times, so devilishly has he recreated the whole man, the places he lived in, the people who crossed his path, and the very quality of the gloomy shadows which fell upon his mind.

Bolitho scorns the brisk narrative clarity with which almost anyone else would unroll these unbelievable murders. There is enough material in each murder to make an extraordinarily grim story even if told with blue-print,

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Through a Glass Brightly

Through Many Windows, by Helen Woodward. New York: Harper and Brothers. 387 pages. $2.50.

NONE of the grand ladies who inspired and confessed the prime ministers, nor the great good women who make plots for peace and justice, nor any of the lady travelers who go to the waste places, nor the courtesans who also find their publishers, has given us so adventurous, intimate and illuminating a portrait of a woman's life in modern times as Helen Woodward. What goes on in "the office" is surely as important and mysterious as what occurs at court or in Arabia, in its influence on our lives, but Mrs. Woodward gives almost the first account of office life and the business world that has the lively flavor of experience revealed. She is not very respectful of her past, but she is never ashamed of it. She conscientiously disregards the office tabu that nothing shall be told of the firm's affairs. She looks at the men and women she has worked with, and finds them not automatons, nor gods of service, but male and female, shaped by their private emotional needs, and by the social structure.

Mrs. Woodward when she retired with enough money and experience to live on and make this book, was, I believe, the highest paid advertising woman in the United States. She began as single-entry book-keeper for a little Boston furrier at five dollars a week and was fired on her first Saturday. But although she takes the upward slant of her life with tremendous gusto, what she has written is not at all a success story. Ask the stand-patters in the advertising business what they think of Mrs. Woodward and they fizz. She is a heretic to them. She speaks lightly of the abracadabra. She isn't sure that advertising is the great boon of the ages. She hints that it may be a vicious and luxuriant circle, though one in which she had a three-ringed good time, inventing ways of selling books and perfume and dress goods. She is exasperating to them, the more so because, although a radical and free-minded and bold-tongued, she is also one of themselves. She writes with lucidity and vigor, and sells us her point of view toward herself and them. She has a Franklinesque mellowness toward the worldly ways of advertising, and contents herself with telling all, and refusing to choose between the fleshpots and her socialism and her feminism. The jolly viper refuses to be outcast.

Although its chief virtue is lively record of actual happenings, its intimate and dramatic record of personal emotions and prejudices, this book has certain qualities of a good novel. The autobiographer's character develops and unfolds. The self-made woman, who began as a lonely little Jewish girl, who let herself be exploited by a neurotic Virginia lady bureau manager, and tackled job after job with will and imagination, until she was a queen of conferences, and a star who could have her breakfast in bed and as many marcels and fluttering bits of personal service as any grand dame, is pretty much aware of what would be called the low-down on herself. The book shows her in the round. She is sophisticated enough to know that to be brave is in the long run easier than to be timid. She is a little vain about her honesty. It would make for livelier memoirs if more such vanity existed. She must have been a little difficult to work with. She admits it. Her pique at having her advice disregarded by the beauty bunkers who invented Primrose House, in which she had invested her own money, too, colors her story of that adventure. The men from Lowell have the joke on her there.

But for the most part, she has set down an extraordinary story of the world about us. I like this book better than any book by or about a woman since Katherine Anthony's Margaret Fuller. It is the only book about office life I should recommend to wives who regard the business world as mysterious, and working women who accept their jobs as romantic, or as dreary. Men have enjoyed so the notion that the model office secretary was without eyes or ears, that most of them will find Through Many Windows shocking. It is so actual a picture. ERNESTINE EVANS.

The Shortcomings of Wisdom and Goodness

Mrs. Socrates, by Fritz Mauthner. Translated by Jacob W. Hartmann. New York: International Publishers. $2.

THAT the wisest of men should have chosen as his life companion the scold of the ages has been the joke of history—a proof of the folly of wisdom, the inferiority of woman and the lottery of marriage. If the union of Socrates and Xantippe had been regarded as a mystery, a puzzle to be solved, we would have greater respect than we now have for the historians and philosophers who for the past two thousand years have dismissed the private life of Socrates with the assumption that life and thought could be understood apart from each other, the assumption which has made history unintelligible and philosophy barren.

Some forty years ago, before the dawn of our present craze for reanimating history, Fritz Mauthner turned his journalist's curiosity upon the riddle of Socrates. He wrote too soon, and his interpretation of Xantippe was passed over by a generation which took its Plutarch and Thucydides unanalyzed and properly resented the attempt to rescue from the field of humor its favorite caricature. But since 1884 much water has run under the bridge and the publishers, in offering us an unprefaced 1926 publication date, rob Mauthner of the distinction of having written his study of Xantippe before Hewlett made understandable the heroic strength and childish weakness of Richard Cœur de Lion, before Bradford turned a dissolving light upon the blackness of the pilloried villains of history, and before John Erskine opened a new doorway of delight to the golden age of Greece. Psychology has repainted the blacks and whites of history, feminism has destroyed our zest for the humor of the henpecked husband, and marriage itself in becoming more flexible has lost its silhouette of joke, romance or tragedy and has assumed the shape of an understandable human relationship. So Xantippe was revived in Germany and now comes over to us under the title of Mrs. Socrates.

The only claim which Xantippe has to the interest of the world lies, of course, in her relationship to Socrates and the light which that relationship throws on his life and character. This is what Mauthner has given us. Out of his picture rises the figure of Socrates, tragic in his search for a truth uncolored by emotion and unswerved by consideration for the practical details of daily existence; and beside him the peasant goodness of Xantippe slowly turning to vinegar. The final picture of Xantippe, after the death of Socrates, zealously bringing up the son of the philosopher to a life of illiterate thrift is a final ironic thrust of fate at the man whose life was demanded by the peasant prejudices against his unyielding dream of truth. A moving, ironic story of the shortcomings of wisdom and goodness.

VALESKA BARI.

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Current Fiction

The Dark Dawn, by Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. $2.

MISS OSTENSO is striding along. There is still indecision in her handling of character and event. There are blocks of this book which as narrative are just plain dull. But in structure, in balance, in general craftsmanship it is a very positive advance over her first book. It is not pleasant reading, however, nor is it always convincing. This time it is the story of a weak lad swept into marriage with a brutal, domineering and violent woman. The intention of the author is clearly volcanic. Yet somehow the story fails to erupt volcanically. Here, as in Wild Geese, Miss Ostenso sometimes obscures the clear outline of her drama by the very fury of her desire to be dramatic. But what a soul for the magnificently right word or phrase has this woman of the prairies! Bold and beautiful and sometimes breath-taking is the intensity of her response to the vast elemental appeal of natural forces. When she has learned to deal as unerringly with the complexities of human relations and human motives, Miss Ostenso will have few rivals in the field of fiction. E. B. H.

A Daughter of Pan, by Cornelia Stratton Parker. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $2.

A LIKABLE but unlikely man holds the stage through a quarter of this book, and then is swept almost off the boards by an equally likable and only slightly more likely girl, his daughter. Nothing could give plausibility to the marriage into which this girl plunges. It is manifestly author-made, for the purpose of "setting up" the comedy which she has in mind to play out. But in an unsubstantial and rather brittle way this comedy is diverting—the girl, Pan's own daughter, reaching desperately for freedom. Mrs. Parker has created for herself a style which suits admirably her material, swift, elliptical, staccato—sometimes rather bafflingly staccato, but never dull, never inept. Indeed, her light-footed pursuit of the festive phrase is phenomenally sustained. The question which inevitably presents itself, however, is to what extent the resulting artificiality justifies itself. The episodes are arranged like the set pieces of a Fourth of July display. As fast as one crackles itself out the author hastens to ignite the next with the torch of her sprightly pen. The reader does not deny himself entertained, but confesses to a slight exhaustion. E. B. H.

The Fiddler in Barly, by Robert Nathan. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

HERE Nathan again writes of New England with all the rich beauty of his first book, Autumn. The irony dominant in The Puppet Master and Jonah is only incidental in The Fiddler in Barly; and pathos, the one emotion Nathan evokes to perfection, is now centred in human beings rather than in creatures of fantasy and legend. Lindemann, an itinerant fiddler, finds Barly a village of Puritans where his lyrical spirit evokes a response only in his landlady and in a little neglected child. He trains a rooster for a cock fight, and is rewarded with a jail term. His landlady alone understands, but when he returns penitentially she is choked with tenderness, and turns away "to keep at least one step ahead of her tears." The deep mellowness of the narrative is Nathan at his best. He should exploit his gifts more extensively. W. F. K.

Introducing Sally, by "Elizabeth." New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 325 pages. $2.50.

A NEW novel by Lady Russell is as welcome in a literary season as an encounter with a highly diverting friend in a formal and crowded gathering. On this occasion she is "Introducing Sally" with all the sparkling assurance of past successes, and from the opening paragraph wins mirthful sympathy for her victim (Lady Russell's heroines are apt to be victims) of ruthless gentility. Sally, the possessor of matchless beauty accompanied by every possible social handicap, is exposed to all the rigors of disciplinary culture at the hands of a highbrow husband and an almost unmitigated mother-in-law. Lady Russell's special genius for the portrayal of fiends in perfect "form" is completely at home in the British drawing-and-quartering-room. Here the most efficient instruments of social frightfulness are ceaselessly employed with the highest purpose and for Better Appearances. Persecution in various refined forms has been a favorite theme of Lady Russell's, but it is less painful reading in this than in previous hard-luck stories. Traces of humanity are allowed to appear in the chief executioners; the irony, while swift and keen as ever, is less scarifying than in times past, and occasional delicious indelicacies skim over very thin ice with breath-taking audacity and grace. D. B. W.

Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France, by Donald Ogden Stewart. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

MR. DONALD OGDEN STEWART has an important decision ahead of him. He should make up his mind without too much delay whether he wants to be a humorist (Irresponsibility Our Specialty) or a satirist with a more than faint odor of Swift about him. In the latter rôle he has produced an acid study of a 100 percent community and its superpower patriots, Aunt Polly's History of Mankind, which deserved more attention than it got; and in pursuance of the former ambition he wrote Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad, which seems to me—though I can't prove it in court—to contain some of the most gorgeously funny passages ever achieved by any American writer. The Crazy Fool was of the same order, but not so good; and now in Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France, he has tried both to be funny and to search the depths of the human heart; and the result is a minor disaster. To be sure, some of his humor comes off magnificently; and the ironical survey of Franco-American relations is a thoroughly good job of its sort; but the serious passages chill the humor a little, and the fantasy just manages to dull the cutting edge of the scornful-affectionate betrayal of the foibles of mankind. B. B.

Contributors

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LEWIS MUMFORD, critic of American life and art, is the author of several books, the most recent being The Golden Day.

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ERNESTINE EVANS has been on the editorial staff of the Christian Science Monitor and the New York Tribune.

VALESKA BARI is a student of social and industrial conditions.

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